The COLLEGE MAN'S NUMBER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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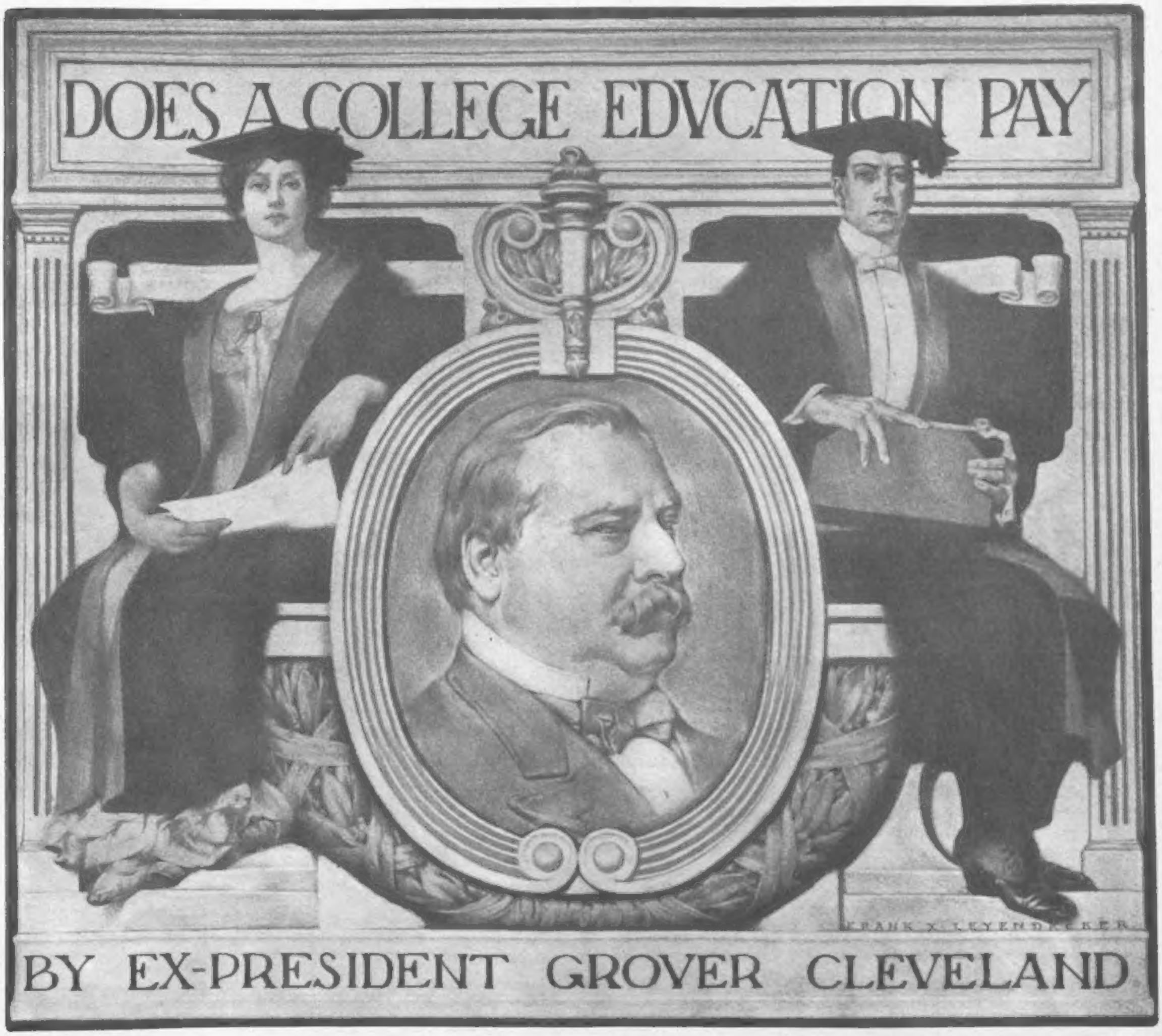

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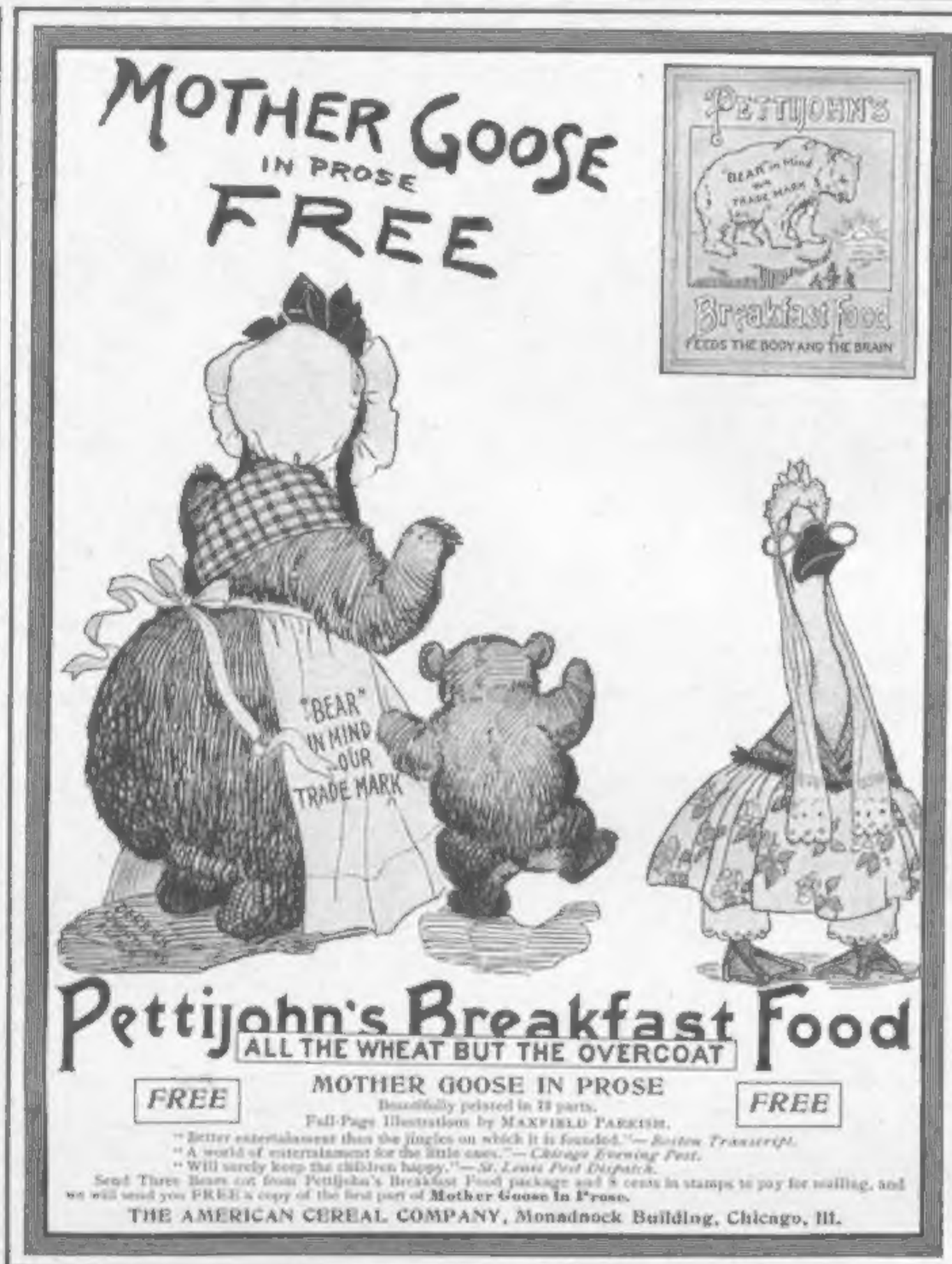
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Does a College Education Pay

By Grover Cleveland

THOSE who antagonize collegiate education are always with us; and we often hear them inveighing, with differing degrees of emphasis, against the expenditure of time, money and effort which such an education exacts. We ought not to be surprised at the volume of these attacks when we recall the different sorts of people enrolled in the opposition; nor should we be astonished at the pertinacity of the onslaught when we consider how naturally self-conscious inferiority derives satisfaction from disparaging assaults of this nature. It is not difficult to classify the various forces engaged in these attacks; and if we examine their positions and offensive operations, we shall be entirely satisfied that the high point of vantage occupied by our universities and colleges is, or at least ought to be, absolutely impregnable.

As we look over the field, we first discover, standing on open and exposed ground, a collection of the enemy, who have a kind of sullen, sodden hatred of all education above the lowest and most rudimentary variety. They are tough, awkward and undisciplined fighters, always ready to make an assault, which can by no possibility injure any one but themselves. These we may properly disregard, with the wish that an intelligent environment may improve their condition.

The Peculiar Logic of Certain Self-Made Men

We find others among the antagonists of collegiate training who are recruited from the body of our so-called self-made men. These are posted behind the infirm defense of the things they have achieved without the aid of a liberal education; and they confuse the contention by much noise and thick clouds of smoke. They maintain a steadfast complacency among themselves by recounting the difficulties and trials they have overcome; while by some unaccountable but not uncommon mental process, or want of process, they connect in the relation of cause and effect their lack of education with their success. These are very often useful, active men in the business world, whose general recognition of duty as citizens and neighbors, as well as their frequent manifestations of benevolence and generosity in certain directions, must be cheerfully conceded.

They are, however, afflicted with two unfortunate difficulties which they seem unable to overcome, and which detract from their completeness of character and prevent their reaching the highest grade of liberal thought. One of these is the binding, fettering imagination that their own success indicates that the slight education they have been able to gather, and which has answered their needs, must be sufficient to compass success in all other cases. Their second difficulty is so intimately related to the first that it might be treated as a branch of it. It consists in their failure to recognize the extent of the revolution in the conditions of success that has taken place since they struggled and conquered. They seem to be strangely slow in comprehending how fast the world moves, and how certainly all who strive for rewards must move with it, or be left high and dry on the shoals of failure and disappointment. It certainly should not escape their notice that the methods profitably employed in every enterprise and occupation have so changed within the last fifty years that a necessity has arisen for an advanced grade of intelligence and education in the use of these methods; and that as this necessity has been supplied, a new competition has been created which easily distances the young man who is no better equipped for the race than our self-satisfied, self-made man. Therefore, while the perseverance, industry and thrift which entered into their early struggles can never become obsolete, and as factors of success can never be abandoned, it will hardly do for them to say that, notwithstanding new methods and new activities, it is undesirable to supplement these traits by the best attainable education. There are Indians in our Western country who, though surrounded by civilization, still wear the blankets and feathers to which they were long ago accustomed, and hold in utter contempt all observance of present-day customs; but while they wander about, still sullenly proud of their blankets and feathers and lead lives of vagabondage, younger men are making railroads through their lands and building houses which they might have built and occupied.

Our criticism of those who have joined the opponents of liberal education, from the large mass of our successful fellow-citizens who have lacked its advantages, should not, however, prevent our acknowledging cheerfully and heartily the different inclination of those who, though belonging to that general class, do not share the notions we deprecate. These are they who, in taking stock of their achievements and successes, plainly see in their lack of education a lack of opportunity, and regretfully place in the column of loss the diminution this deficiency has caused in the things they might otherwise have accomplished for themselves and for others. This appreciation of lost opportunity, accompanied as it must be by a correct apprehension of the changed conditions in the struggle of life, insures the enlistment of these candid and thoughtful men on the side of the best education. Consequently their sons are found among the students in our universities and colleges, and their influence and aid are frequently forthcoming in efforts to enlarge the opportunities of these institutions.

Another contingent arrayed against college education is made up of those who suppose they are in the occupation of strong ground when they point out the numerous failures in life among college graduates, and the slight impress often made in ordinary affairs by such of them as may be considered to a greater or less degree successful.

Differing Standards of Success

Of course the arguments with which these opponents make their attack are neither entirely just nor fair. In the first place, we can confidently claim that whatever may be included in their conception of failures, their proportion among graduates of our universities and colleges is certainly less than among the aggregate of non-graduates. Beyond this, we are entitled to a distinct definition of the words *failure* and *success;* and when we are told that failure is indicated by the lack of wealth or honors, and that their acquirement proves success, it is quite pertinent for us to reply that the rewards of liberal education are not thus limited. Many a college-bred man labors in the field of usefulness without either wealth or honors, and frequently with but scant recognition of any kind, and yet achieves successes which, unseen and unknown by the sordid and cynical, will bloom in the hearts and minds of men longer than the prizes of wealth or honors can endure.

We must remember, however, that it is never wise to underrate our adversary's position; and that a dogged, wholesale denial of all truth or merit in an opponent's argument usually fails to meet the needs of discussion. Let it be admitted, then, that there are absolute and properly defined failures among university and college graduates; and let it be further admitted that, after making allowance for those foredoomed by their inherent slothfulness and mental deficiencies, these failures are more numerous than they ought to be. What is the result? Are we thus driven to the confession that a thorough course of college training is unprofitable? It is only necessary for us to point to its triumphs and achievements, plainly seen on every side and in every walk of life, to avoid such a confession. The limit of all needful concession is reached when these failures are admitted, with the qualifying suggestion that our universities and colleges cannot attempt to supply the requisites of success which should result from judicious home training, or which can only be cultivated and developed by the student himself.

Parents should never send their sons to college simply for the purpose of educational ornamentation. The fact that parents have the fate of a son largely in their keeping should not only enlist their parental love and pride, but should, at the same

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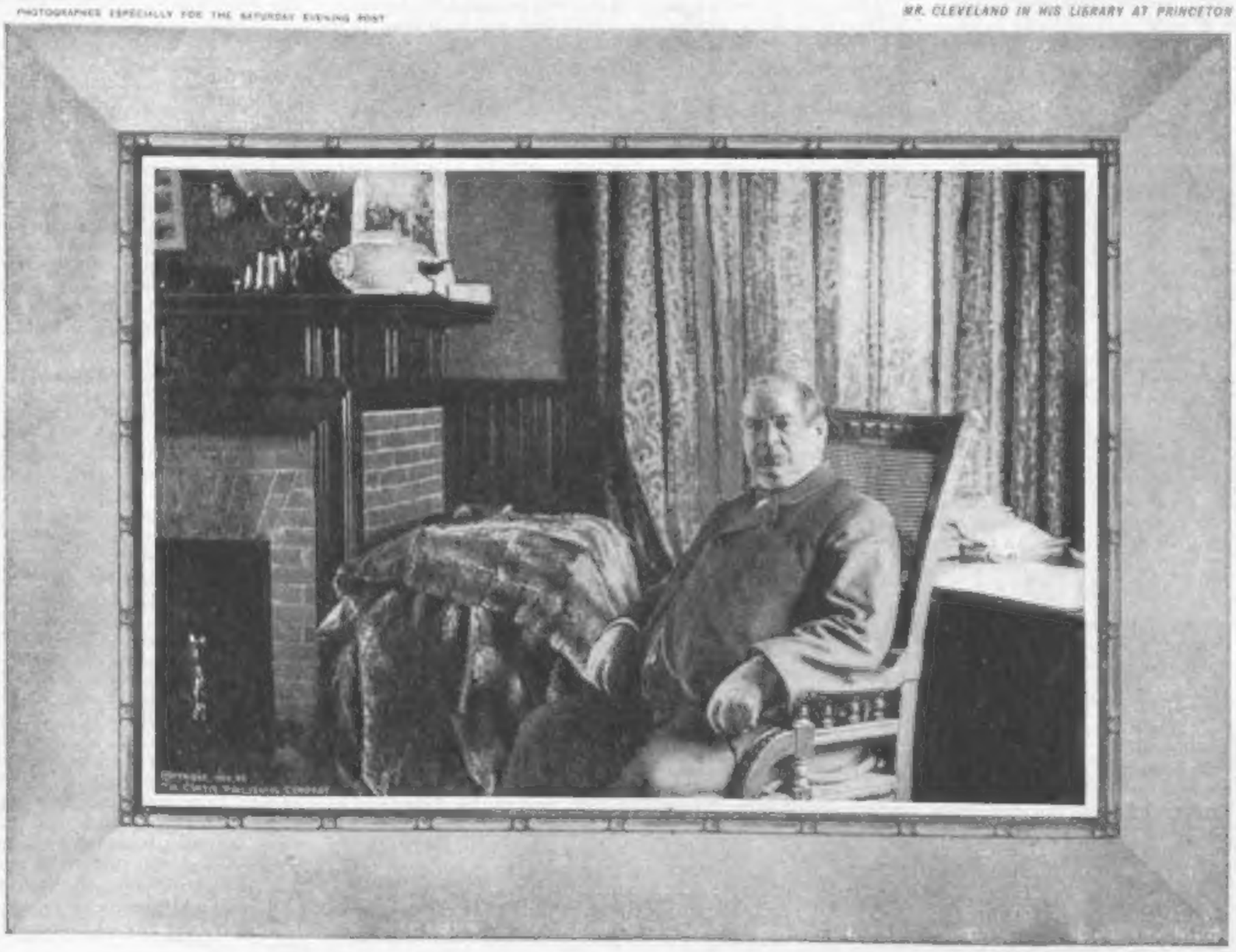
MR. CLEVELAND IN HIS LIBRARY AT PRINCETON



time, stimulate their parental judgment. Furthermore, they should be constantly mindful that they have in charge not only a son, but an uncompleted man, who is soon to become their contribution to the manhood of the world. They therefore owe a dual duty, which demands on the one hand that the education of the son be undertaken as a help to his success in life, and on the other that this education shall promise for the maturing man the equipment necessary to insure his value as an addition to civilized humanity. Before he leaves home to enter upon his student life his sympathy with these purposes should be fully aroused, and he should be impressed with the importance of keeping them steadily in view. He should also take with him to his new surroundings a love of truth and honor, a cheerful, manly disposition and truly democratic inclinations. With these his collegiate advent must be auspicious, and his future life well guarded against failure. Lacking these, his way is made immensely more difficult and uncertain.

But whether well or ill accoutred, and without ignoring the influences for good that meet the student at the threshold of every well-regulated university or college, it is still true in a general sense that he himself must remain the responsible factor in the success or failure that waits upon the close of his collegiate career. As we are attempting to account for failures after graduation, we must assume a class standing sufficiently satisfactory to earn a degree. Therefore, we have no reference to deficiencies in studies when we assert that such failures may be charged, with considerable certainty, to stumbling-blocks in the student's path that he might have avoided, and to the neglect of certain aids incident to his college life which he ought to have appreciated and cultivated.

Two Extremes to be Avoided

There is such a thing as a sour and morose pursuit of study which leads to a sour and unsympathetic temper. This threatens unfitness for a profitable association with the outside world which is a handicap in dealing with every-day affairs. An opposite extreme is reached by a superficial and light-headed skimming of studies, which leaves in the mind just enough to meet the requirements of recitation and examination. This practice brings about self-deception and so unsubstantial an acquaintance with the subjects studied as to be almost useless. A loose habit of thought and conduct is also thus contracted, which must certainly stand in the way of success.

Another and constant source of some of the difficulties that lessen the graduate's chances of success remains to be mentioned. It may properly be called the introversion of college life. This term is here used to define a very natural inclination among collegians not only to look upon their student association as an independent world, but to permit it to completely encompass and limit their interests, their thoughts, their ambitions, their social relations, and nearly all things that seem to them worth having.

It would be a sad and brutal decree that unreservedly condemned a condition that lends to a college community its cheerfulness and happiness. The obliteration of a fervid attachment on the part of students for this world of theirs, and the destruction of the enthusiasm which its pleasures and incidents arouse, would usher in a time when the pursuit of higher education would be a forbidding and cheerless task. It is only a too profound and exclusive introversion that we deprecate; and it is only a wholesome dilution of college-world devotion, and its admixture with an interest in the affairs of the greater outside world, that, for the sake of the student's future success, we advocate.

It will not be denied that a constant and substantially unbroken confinement of our students in their thoughts and associations to the things that environ them, during their years of college study, produces a sentiment of separateness, which by a natural process is apt to lead, first to ignorance of movements and currents beyond their circle, next to a feeling of self-satisfied superiority, and frequently, at last, to a supercilious distrust of the intelligence of all who are not members of their order.

These conditions may not be general, nor even usual; but if they exist at all, and if in any number of cases, however small, they present obstacles to success, they are worthy of attention and correction.

When it is recalled that a college course is undertaken as a preparation for a prosperous career, and to fit the student to meet the requirements of manhood and citizenship, it cannot be denied for a moment that ignorance of the situation which awaits the graduate in the world's great field is an obstacle in his path; and inasmuch as his career must be wrought out, and the obligations of manhood and citizenship must be discharged in contact and coöperation with his fellow-men of every degree, it is worse than folly to say that any real or even suspected assumption of arrogant superiority does not interfere with his success.

The mention that has been made of some of the causes of the failures of college-bred men, which constitute the stock in argument of certain opponents of higher education, suggest natural and easily applied remedies.

Let the students in our colleges go beyond their studies and their sports, and with as much zeal and industry as they devote to either of these things, let them cultivate an interest in all that stirs and influences the great outside world, into whose strifes and struggles they must soon enter.

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MR. CLEVELAND ON THE VERANDA OF HIS HOUSE AT PRINCETON

And since no more congenial soil can be found for the cultivation of a truly democratic spirit than our well-organized and conducted universities and colleges, let their students rid themselves of the notion that this spirit can safely be limited to their college world and its especial conditions. Let them rather cherish it as a lasting possession, which in the larger world lying beyond college pursuits and associations will constitute a ready help in every relation of life and an unfailing safeguard against self-pride and arrogant behavior.

What, then, is the conclusion of the matter? Shall the value of a college education be impeached because a measure of success may be attained without it, or because there are failures among those who have had the advantage of such an education? Shall these things prevail against the leadership which the graduates of our universities and colleges have maintained in all things that elevate and improve mankind? This would be strangely irrational.

While the training of the mental powers paves the way to success in every occupation; as long as pioneer work is needed in every extension of our progress and civilization; as long as our national safety rests upon the intelligence of our people; and as long as we require in our public service pure patriotism, obedience to quickened conscience and disinterested discharge of duty, a college education will pay.

The College Man's Advantage in the Coming Century

By David Starr Jordan

PRESIDENT OF LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY

THE best time to be a boy the world has ever known is just this time—just at the outstart of a great, vigorous, forceful, wisdom-loving century. And just the best place to be a boy is right here in the United States, the one part of the earth where a boy can grow up with a reasonable chance of making the most of himself. "America means opportunity," says Emerson, and to the right kind of a boy this is the main thing.

Now, to the right kind of a boy, a boy with something in him, the best advice that anybody can give is summed up in these two sentences: Keep yourself clean. Go to college.

As to the first, cleanliness is strength. The various forms of evil mostly show themselves as short-cuts to happiness. Gambling and stealing are short-cuts to wealth. But they do not often lead thither and, when they do, wealth does not bring happiness. You cannot have a really good time in life unless you earn it, unless you deserve it. So with immorality and intemperance in all their various forms. They promise pleasure; they do not bring happiness. A spurious pleasure is not permanent; it leaves "a dark brown taste in the mouth," "it is different in the morning." Real happiness makes room for more happiness. The joy of action, the beauties of Nature, the pleasure of accomplishment, the charm of congenial society, the strength of being clean—all these delights grow on us with our enjoyment of them. They take nothing away, but leave us with still greater strength.

"We may," says President Ripley, of the Santa Fé Railroad, speaking of the demands of "a soulless corporation" on its employees, "we may be perfectly sure that the man who walks with truthfulness, sobriety and morality, who is what the world calls straight, and who can look everybody in the eye, will command the respect of his neighbors and himself, and will be infinitely happier in the world than the man who does not."

To go to college is to seek the training which will fit for the duties of life. It should be to find the secret of power. A man may be educated, and well educated, without darkening the college doors. But he is educated in the longest and slowest way. He has lost valuable time and wasted much effort.

A college is a device to bring students together that they may educate each other and that older and wiser students may educate them. "It brings," says Emerson, "every ray of genius to its hospitable halls, that their combined influence may strike the heart of the youth in flame."

The college should train through personal influence of professor and of student. "The fellow-feeling among free spirits" has long been famous in the universities of Germany. It was said of Doctor Nott, of Union College, that "he took the sweepings of other colleges and sent them back to society pure gold," such was his influence on young men. Something of the same influence is exerted for good in every college. The great teacher never fails to leave a great mark on every student whose life he touches.

The college and the university train men for definite ends in life. The graduate of the well-ordered college in these times knows some one thing very well and he can make his knowledge practical. The best teachers, the best lawyers, the best electricians, the best statesmen are those the university sends out. To excel in knowledge and action is to insure a fair salary and a worthy position in society.

Avoid the Middlemen of Education

The college gives a man a scholar's horizon. It enables him to see things which lie beyond his trade. A shoemaker is likely to measure the world by shoestrings, a grocer to think in terms of tea and sugar, a carpenter to put his universe together by rule of thumb. A scholar wherever placed should look beyond his profession and should see the affairs of the world in their true perspective. This should save him from bigotry, from intolerance, from selfishness. This should make him a more helpful member of society as well as better company to himself. This last fact alone is reason enough to justify a man in spending ten years of his life in higher education.

The higher education should make him a better citizen. It should give him the courage of his convictions, for only the educated man has any real convictions. Education shows how convictions should be formed. What the scholar believes he takes on his own evidence, not because it is the creed of his church or the platform of his party. So he, and he alone, counts as a unit in the community. "To see things as they really are" is the crowning privilege of the educated man. To help others to see them so is the greatest service he can render to the community. A tried beacon in the swaying tides of democracy is the educated man wherever he may be. You will go to college—where shall you go? The answer to this is simple. Get the best you can. You have but one chance for a college education. You cannot afford to waste that chance on an inferior school. Libraries, laboratories, rules, regulations, names and numbers do not make a university. It is the men who teach. Go where the masters are in whatever line you mean to work. Go to that school, in whatever State or county, under whatever name or control, that will serve your purposes best, that will give you the best return for the money you have to spend. Do not stop with the middlemen. Go to the men who know.

The Borrowed Sonnet

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

WITH the next theme we shall, as you probably know, complete the work of this course for the year." The instructor paused and meditatively rearranged some papers on his desk, while there was a perceptible compulsion of the attentive faculties among the hundred and fifty listless young men of the class. Billy Watson in the back of the room discontinued a languid game of tit-tat-to with his neighbor; Herbert Dunn destroyed with an impatient pencil stroke the sketch he had been making for the Lampoon and closed his notebook; here and there men put down the novels and text-books they happened to be reading with perfect safety under the eyes of the near-sighted instructor; Blakely Fordham turned from the open window through which, during the lecture on "periodic sentences," he had been watching the robins disport themselves in the sunflecked grass outside.

"We have had expositions and descriptions and narratives in great profusion," the instructor went on, "and for the last exercise of your skill and ingenuity I am going to make a somewhat radical departure by asking you to write a sonnet." There was a little flutter of amusement and dismay. "Of course," he continued, "the request is not based on an inference from your past work that the class is composed of a hundred and fifty poets, although there are several of you whose manner of observing is distinctly poetic and whose style in prose often responds most gracefully to the temperamental demand. From these men I shall look forward to receiving work at least equal to the average sonnet of the contemporary magazines, and from the rest of you"—he glanced about the room with a puzzled expression at which the class amiably laughed. "Well, I shall not, on second thoughts, indulge in prophecy," he smiled; and went on to give them a few general instructions. "Take some famous sonnet as a model," he advised; "one of Milton's or Wordsworth's or Keats'. Study its structure—the scheme to which the rhymes conform; note the manner in which the generalities of the octette or first eight lines are synthesized in the sextette or last six. Be sure and have a definite thought before you begin to write; the whole value of this exercise to most of you will consist in the literary discipline that comes of confining your idea within the limits of an inexorable form. Your vaporous thoughts subjected to poetic fire must prove themselves—crystals," he ended encouragingly, and dismissed the class.

When Fordham and Dunn strolled out of the recitation hall they found Billy Watson lying in the grass, his head resting on his hand.

"It's absurd to ask any one to express himself in thirteen lines," he complained. Dunn smiled as he pulled a blade of grass and nibbled its tender white end. He was a thoughtful, rather delicate-looking person.

"Why—does it have to be thirteen?" asked Fordham idly. "I thought they were just short spurts that filled up the page when a story left off in the middle."

"That would be too easy," answered Billy. "Heaven only knows why they have to have thirteen lines—it seems very arbitrary; you might get through in twelve or perhaps you might have enough material to stick on a fourteenth. But you mustn't. You've got to let it go at thirteen—don't you?" He appealed to Dunn, who looked dreamily into the trees. Dunn was often guilty of writing verses for the college papers.

"Oh, I shouldn't feel bound down to the unlucky number," he answered impartially. "I've seen lots of good sonnets with fourteen lines; in fact, many of the greatest have been written that way."

"Well, I want mine to be a corker," Billy declared; "I'm not going to run any risks. It's all right, I suppose, for Wordsworth to add a sort of a postscript if he wants to, but it's different with me. Have you thought of anything yet? I'm as full of ideas as this grass is full of mosquitoes; only they're just as hard to catch," he added, slapping wildly in the air. Dunn said he had already begun one for the Advocate that he might use, and Billy turned to Fordham.

"What on earth are you going to do?" he demanded, throwing a handful of grass at the big fellow's hair. "Your degree depends on this course, doesn't it?"

"I'm afraid it does," the other answered lightly; even now the rapidly approaching academic peril did not seem to him particularly imminent. He was not brilliant and he knew it; but he had always managed to "scrape through" somehow. A terrible week or two with a tutor just at the last had been always sufficient to give him the mediocre marks essential to remaining in his class. Even these occasional renunciations of his easy-going, happy existence were exceedingly trying to him; but they were less unendurable on the whole than would have been Dunn's or even Billy's method of "grinding" a little every day and taking their examinations as a matter of course. There were always so many other things to do that bore immediate fruit, so to speak. Systematic application to one's books in fine weather was almost like laboring for the benefit of posterity: the end seemed so far distant. He tipped his straw hat over his eyes and stretched his great length on the cool grass.

"I suppose I'll have to scribble something," he groaned. "It isn't the sort of thing you can pay a tutor to teach you; and I have about as much idea of poetry as a cow has of handling a musket."

"Do you know—I think I'll make mine about the death of Shelley," Billy declared with sudden ecstasy; "it was an awfully dramatic thing, his death, and I can end it up—where you crystallize the generalities' the way Penfield told us to do—by comparing the Bay of Spezzia to the sea of life that cuts off so many a young flower in the bud—you see what I mean, don't you?

Shelley is dead! Oh wind and waves lie down——

What do you think of that for a starter?"

"I think I'll write of Memorial Hall," murmured Dunn. "I know more about that than I do of most things."

II

FORDHAM climbed the steep stairs slowly, reluctantly, and let himself into his room. He had sat on the piazza in front of his boarding-place after dinner as long as there had been any one to sit with; it had been impossible to tear himself away from the crowd of pleasant fellows who lingered there in the soft summer evening, to talk and smoke and listen to the music of a harp and a flute and a violin that was wafted toward them from the other end of the short, leaf-embowered street. He had stayed on even when he had for companionship but one uncongenial man—even, in fact, for a short time after he had been left quite alone. But at length, with a laugh at his indolence, he got up and strolled along between the lilac hedges in the old-fashioned gardens of Cambridge to the college yard. There was in the night air a suggestion of unseen spring flowers and the pungent odor of box.

His room seemed very warm after his walk and the long ascent of the stairs, and after lighting the gas he threw himself across the couch and leaned out of the window. In the square below the music had collected a listless, amiable evening crowd; groups of men—some of whom Fordham felt sure he knew—were waiting for open cars to spirit them across the breezy bay into town; there was everywhere a seductive, whispering sound of loafing footsteps—the footsteps of happy people who had either finished their work or had decided not to begin it; the footsteps of people whom no one expected to write a sonnet before morning, Fordham reflected. He became absorbed in waiting for the empty electric cars to whirl around the corner and in watching the eager crowd scrambling for front seats. The occupation was scarcely exciting, but with the knowledge that in the room behind him a hot drop-light on his desk was awaiting him with irritating patience, it assumed a factitious kind of importance; he would wait for three more cars and then—to work. The three cars came and went more swiftly than any he had ever before waited for in Cambridge; he almost fell out of the window as the last one flashed from view. Then with a yawn he drew himself into the room and turned toward his desk.

That long-neglected piece of furniture was, he found, but ill equipped for the pursuit of literature. There was in the bottom of the ink bottle a thick, black paste and a collection of strange, slimy substances whose presence he was unable to account for. In dredging for them and dissecting them on a bit of blotting paper under the light (half an hour sped past in this employment) he broke the rusty, solitary pen he had discovered after a diligent search at the bottom of a box containing old golf-balls, empty shot-gun shells, broken pipes and useless fragments of objects whose entirety he could scarcely remember. Paper he was for a long time unable to find at all. He was under the impression that he owned two notebooks, but he had not seen them for weeks. For a moment he thought seriously of going into somebody's room on the same floor and borrowing a scratch-block, but appreciating with unusual perspicuity that the intention was the most puerile of excuses for further dawdling, he tore the fly-leaf from Mill's Political Economy and, with an altogether uncomfortable silver pencil Christmas present between his fingers, sat down to manufacture a sonnet.

It was at this stage of the evening that he realized with sudden irritation and disgust his complete ignorance of the sonnet form. The fact that he had not as yet even the flimsiest idea to embody in that form did not begin to worry him until later. As he sat there staring at the sheet of paper on his desk, Penfield's advice of two weeks before came for the first time dimly back to him. Well—his meagre shelf of books did not comprehend Wordsworth, Milton or Keats; this time he surely would have to borrow from his neighbors—unless (he accepted the inspiration most unwillingly) he could find a sonnet in one of the old Advocates he had subscribed to at some pre-historic period of weak-minded opulence. He blew the dust from a pile of college publications on the floor and began to turn the leaves—stopping here and there to read pages and sometimes whole stories. His search was rewarded by the discovery of three poems that he decided must be sonnets, although they contained fourteen lines apiece, and the author (they were all sparks from one intense, central fire) had with devilish glee, it seemed to Fordham, neglected to advertise the fact. They were called respectively Soul Sadness, World Woe and Heart Hurts. He laboriously read World Woe through twice. It treated with vague omniscience of "gray pain," and "the drift of moon-wrack in an evil sky." If he could have shorn the idea of its phraseology, he felt—with an almost irresistible desire to seek the author out and knock him down—it might suggest something similar around which he could, perhaps, drape a collection of unintelligible words himself. But it was impossible for him to discover what the infernal ass was attempting to prove in the first place in any one of the three poems, and he finally swept the whole pile of Advocates off the desk and leaned back in sullen despair.

"What to do?" If he failed in the course he lost his degree. And if he lost his degree he would have to spend six weeks in the summer school instead of going abroad. The Rhine—Switzerland—Venice—his mind for a moment was a vitascope of alluring scenes he knew well and delighted in. He leaned over his desk once more and painfully traced across the page:

"The sun was setting in the——" It was too idiotic. Exasperated by a mingled feeling of defiance and defeat, he pushed away from the desk, grasped his hat and flung out of the room.

Across the yard he saw a light in Dunn's window. Purely from a desire to curse his luck in sympathetic ears, he strode over and knocked on his friend's door. When he went in, Dunn, with a writing pad in his hand, was leaning back in a steamer chair. Fordham threw himself on the window-seat.

"I've been slaving all evening over my sonnet," he groaned.

"How's it getting along?" Dunn asked simply. "I've just finished mine," he said, holding up the scratch-block.

"It isn't getting along at all," the other answered. "I'm no earthly good at that sort of thing."

"Let's have a look at it," Dunn urged, as he erased a word and substituted another. "I may be able to help you out in some way—or did you bring it over?" Fordham laughed ironically.

"There wasn't anything to bring," he said. "I simply can't write a sonnet; I suppose I might have if I'd spent the last two weeks in stalking some sort of an idea and dressing it up until its own mother wouldn't recognise it," he added honestly, "although I'm not sure: I can't think of anything I wouldn't rather say right out, the way I'm talking now."

"Well, I wish I could help you," mused Dunn. "Perhaps if I read you mine it might suggest something," he ventured modestly. Fordham assented politely but without enthusiasm to the suggestion and listened to a sonnet on The Yard at Night. It was vastly more intelligible to him than World Woe and Heart Hurts. This fact and the manner in which Dunn read it tended somewhat to soothe his ruffled temper.

"I have another one here," Dunn said, when he had finished reading; "it's about Memorial Hall; I can't decide which to hand in. Which do you like best?" And he read a second sonnet, called The Transept. This one Fordham scarcely heard; he was pettishly wondering why Dunn should have with apparent facility reeled off two of the wretched things while he—Fordham—had been unable to grind out one. Then as he lay on the window-seat, staring at the discolored ceiling, a reason insidiously suggested itself, and he got up and crossed over to Dunn.

"I think I like the first one better," he said, for the sake of saying something. "Let's look at them." He took them to the light behind Dunn and pretended to read. In reality he stared at the back of his friend's head and speculated on the best way to begin.

"Yes, I think I like the first one best," he at length repeated, and, as Dunn made no reply, he asked indifferently, "Bertie, what are you going to do with the one you don't hand in?" He hoped the fellow would see what he meant; there was something rather revolting in the possibility of having to ask for the verses outright. But Bertie with maddening innocence merely replied: "Oh, I'll probably print it in the Advocate or Monthly if they want it, or I may just keep it; I have a whole drawer full of stuff I've scribbled since I've been in college."

"I wish you'd give it to me," Fordham compelled himself to say.

"Why, of course you can have it," the other declared—pleased that his sentiment had been appreciated.

Fordham wavered an instant between telling Dunn and not telling him that he intended to hand in the sonnet as his own. It came hard to tell him; but to leave in silence—he understood all at once what people meant when they asserted that the thought of having to do certain things nauseated them.

"If you give it to me, I'll let Penfield think I wrote it myself," he at last said boldly. "It's a question of doing that or losing my degree."

Bertie got up and looked at Fordham as if to make sure that he was in earnest. Then he strolled silently up and down the room with his hands in his pockets until his wanderings brought him by accident face to face with his friend.

"It's comparatively easy for a man to get back a lost degree," he said slowly.

III

TO BILLY the fortnight allotted for the writing of the sonnets had not been a period of unmixed delight. His classmates would gravely accost him in the yard—draw him aside and, with a kindly hand on his shoulder, say hesitatingly:

"I'm awfully sorry, old man—I hate to have to tell any one bad news; but did you know that Shelley was dead?" For days his mail—in addition to the bills that toward the

end of May habitually fluttered through his letter-slide—was numerous with engrossed resolutions of sympathy and notes of condolence. The cards of every one he knew (and of many whose acquaintance he never expected to make), with "To inquire" scribbled across them, were left at his door. He was a little puzzled at first in trying to account for the visits of "L'Ambassadeur de Russie," several members of the Korean Legation and the entire Cabinet of the United States in a body, until he remembered with a giggle that Dick Benton's father was in the Senate. The arrival of a cable message from London and an unpaid telegram from Florida announcing the poet's demise, aroused him one morning at an unearthly hour. He became extremely tired of the relentlessness of undergraduate humor. It was rather more than annoying, for instance, to have an usher at the theatre call his name up and down the aisles—to leave the theatre amid a buzz of wondering voices—to drive frantically in a cab to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and there to learn that Shelley was no more. But he wrote his sonnet, notwithstanding the discouragement he hourly suffered, and was inordinately pleased with it. He confessed to Fordham, as they strolled over to the last lecture in English 47, that, considering his inexperience in such matters, it was a very remarkable bit of versification.

"YES, I THINK I LIKE THE FIRST ONE BEST"

"Penfield will probably read it to the class," he declared. "You don't think he'll read any of them aloud, do you?" Fordham asked. He stopped abruptly in the path and looked furtively at Billy, who laughed a complacent laugh.

"Well, I don't think he'll read many of them," Billy answered. "But of course he'll read the good ones; he always does read a few good themes, and some of the bad ones, too. I don't see why he shouldn't to-day."

The possibility of having the sonnet he had handed in read in class had not until then occurred to Fordham. He knew, of course, that Penfield read and commented upon themes at every lecture; but his—Fordham's—themes had never been so honored, and as he rarely listened to that feature of the course, it had not made much impression on him. To-day, however, it worried him. Dunn's work he knew had always found favor in Penfield's eyes. What if the instructor should read it this afternoon—praise it, and perhaps let slip, as Penfield now and then did, Fordham remembered, the writer's name? It was odd, he was conscious of reflecting, that this contingency should so upset him. The repulsion he had experienced in asking for the verses and in afterward copying them and signing his name to them was nothing in comparison. And it was a feeling, moreover, with which the fear of detection had nothing to do. There was no danger of being found out; it was not as if he had taken a sonnet, however obscure, from some book. No one but Dunn knew who had written it, and Dunn—Fordham's emotions were a mixture of disgust at having had to hand in another man's work and satisfaction that the other man was the reticent, kind-hearted Dunn.

Fordham had never, during the four years he had spent at college, listened so attentively to a lecture as he did that afternoon, and Penfield's remarks seemed interminable. The instructor reviewed in considerable detail the work of the year, gave advice to men who hoped to make a career of letters or journalism, and, for the benefit of the men whose graduation was not imminent, explained the various courses in composition offered by the Department of English. At first, Fordham, with a nervous eagerness to "get it over with," tried mentally to hurry him; he was almost unable at times to resist the inclination to call out, "Oh, go on, go on, go on—you've told us that before." But as the end of the hour drew nearer he reversed the exercise of his will with painful intensity. When Penfield became absorbed in a comparison of English 12 and English 5, or sketched the daily life of a reporter, Fordham's mind became a pleading protest against the instructor's neglecting any aspect of the subject, or of reaching the point where he glanced at his watch and exclaimed, "So then you see——" and began to "sum up." If Penfield only would talk for eight more minutes, the young man reflected, as he took out his own watch and held it in his hand, there would be no time for the reading and comment.

As if Fordham's action had suggested the lateness of the hour, Penfield broke off in the middle of a sentence.

"I know you are all anxious to get back to your sonnets," he said quickly, "so I shall proceed at once to read in the usual manner some of the worst and best examples of the work that has been handed in." The little experiment, he went on, had been for many reasons of great interest to him. Many of the themes he had received were not sonnets at all; a few of them were amazingly good sonnets; the rest of them were just—sonnets. Comment upon the verses that had not observed the required form was unnecessary; he had simply given the writers of them E—the lowest possible mark—without further thought. It surprised him to find, he declared, that in more than one instance men whose prose was unmistakably the work of a poetic temperament had handed in sonnets—technically correct, perhaps—but lacking in imaginative power—in a sense of words—in everything that gave to composition of this kind the quality he could only describe as "distinction." On the other hand, one or two members of the class—notably one—whose efforts in the past had been perfunctory, barren of sentiment and guiltless of grace, had achieved results of which no one could be ashamed. At the words "notably one," Fordham tried to assume the impersonally interested expression of the men who sat near him; but before the instructor had reached the end of the sentence he found himself staring fixedly at the desk in front of him, with a slow, hot, red sensation slowly creeping above the merciful limits of his collar into his neck and face. Well, there would be a bad ten minutes he told himself, for which he ought to have had sense enough to prepare himself. The ordeal once over, however, he would be rid of the course and Penfield and sonnets for ever; at that moment he hated not only poor Penfield, but the whole college and everybody officially connected with it.

He did not listen to the first two themes the instructor read, but was merely conscious that the class laughed uproariously at each of them. The writer of the first, in attempting to use his sonnet as a vehicle for humor, had achieved a tragedy; the second writer's treatment of an occurrence indisputably tragic was received by the class as the year's farewell climax of humor. It concerned the death of Shelley, and, as Penfield remarked when the merriment subsided, "its thirteen explosive lines might well have caused all lovers of poetry to regret even more keenly that the young genius had met with so premature a fate." Of the two good themes, the first—a vigorous appreciation of Michael Angelo's David—was received by the men with characteristic apathy, enlivened here and there by an impatient shuffling of feet.

It may have been partly owing to the simple, manly fashion in which Penfield read the second sonnet, and partly that its subject must always command the attention and respect of Harvard men; but at any rate The Transept was listened to amid an absolute silence that lasted—lasted—Fordham closed his eyes and dug his finger-nails into the palms of his hands while it lasted—until after the reader's voice died away in the summer stillness. Then came a crash of applause that ripped spontaneously into being like the bolt that tears the roof from over one. Fordham lost control of his lips for a moment, and when he opened his eyes he saw the room as if through glass upon which rain had blown. Penfield was fingering the sheet of paper in his hand as if he meant to continue his criticism; but when the room was once more silent, he merely took off his glasses and said:

"Gentlemen, the comments I intended to make upon this poem have been expressed."

The men surged toward the instructor's desk to get back their corrected themes. With a sudden realization that many of the class turned to look at him as they passed, Fordham pushed into the crowd and stared blindly over the heads of the men who surrounded him. He tried not to hear the confusion of flattering words through which he made his way, and it was not until he reached the desk and Penfield spoke to him that he could bring himself to reply.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Fordham, on a noble piece of work," the instructor said earnestly.

Fordham took the theme. All of the fellows near him had heard the instructor's remark and glanced up at its recipient with kindly appreciation. In avoiding Penfield's small gray eyes, Fordham found himself looking into Dunn's big brown ones. But he managed to smile a little and murmur, "I'm glad you liked it," before he turned to leave the room.

IV

WHEN Fordham reached his room and locked himself in he had a moment of exquisite relief. All the way from the lecture-hall the inquisitive and the congratulatory had overtaken him and asked him questions that seemed to him devilish in their innocence. His progress across the yard had been a continuation of the nightmare he had hoped to leave behind him when he left the crowded lecture-room. But now that he was alone—he experienced something almost like happiness in knowing that he was alone. What if he had a room-mate to catechise him—to ask him why he walked up and down so inanely and breathed so hard? Room-mates were inevitably personal—they seemed to spend their lives in annoying one another and apologizing afterward. He was immensely glad that he hadn't one. The cool, quiet solitude of his study had never been so altogether welcome and soothing; he had not until then known what it was to feel deeply grateful that inanimate objects were so tactfully, so wonderfully inanimate.

It had been worse—much worse—than he had imagined it could be. Asking Dunn for the sonnet in the first place had made him feel despicable enough; but that somehow was his own private affair—he had counted the cost and he had found himself willing to pay it. The torture he had just gone through, however, was different; he had not counted on that at all.

For a time he sought consolation in the fact that, since it had been so indescribably hideous, he would be able to endure with outward equanimity whatever further happened, and he had almost decided on the modest, rather deprecatory manner with which he should thenceforth meet all reference to his triumph in English 47, when a footstep in the hall and a rap on his door brought him to an abrupt standstill in the middle of his room. He stood there not daring to move—scarcely permitting himself to draw breath—while the door was pounded and his name was called with the exasperation of some one who had seen him enter the building. The noise at last ceased and the man who had been making it clattered down the stairs. Fordham threw himself on his couch. It was absurd to take the thing so seriously, he told himself. Other fellows had now and then handed in work not their own; he had known it at the time, but, beyond pausing to reflect that he himself would scarcely do it, he had not experienced any particular shock at the essential dishonesty of the act. He had never been conscious of any change in his feelings toward those fellows, nor had their attitude toward the college world seemed to undergo any alteration. They were probably not proud of what they had done when they chanced to think of it, but then they did not apparently often think of it. Why should he, who was of no finer clay than the others, feel so abjectly the whole affair? Of course the somewhat theatrical scene in the lecture-room had accentuated certain aspects of it. But that, after all, was a mere accident; the principle in either case was the same. If others could lightly consider such matters, he certainly ought to be able to. He would have to be man enough, he told himself, to stand by himself now and "back himself up."

In his own room, with the late afternoon sun serenely warming the friendly walls he had known so long, this, after a time, became comparatively easy to do. He sat there until the dinner hour, and gradually persuaded himself into believing that, as there was no possibility of his being found out, he could meet his friends and hear with more or less indifference what they said of his unexpected part in the last lecture of the English course, and then forget it all, just as they would. Time, he had so often read in books, softened the bitterest memories.

He jumped up to wash his face and hands. The cool water contributed materially to the serenity of mind that his long meditation had induced. But a moment later when he stood before the glass, brushing his hair, he found himself scrupulously avoiding his own eyes. With intense irritation he put down the brushes and looked himself square in the face. Then, telling himself that he had done with that sort of sentimental weakness, he strode off to dinner.

Fordham never tried to analyze just what took place within him as he swung into the short street in which stood his boarding-place. He was only conscious that, at the farther end, Billy and Dick Benton and one or two others had paused with their backs toward him, to call to some one in the street beyond. Actuated by motives he could not have explained, Fordham abruptly stopped, turned and retraced his steps.

It flashed through his mind as he did so that, if by any chance the fellows had seen him, he could say that he had forgotten something in his room.

He hurried toward the square, but without in the least knowing why he hurried or where he should go for dinner. After the long hours he had spent alone in his room he craved companionship, and shrank from going into any of the dreary little restaurants in the vicinity of the square. It was not that he hesitated to make so frank an admission of weakness; he admitted his weakness with a sort of dull despair. But he dreaded, as it were, to dine with it. He had stopped and was looking into the windows of a book-shop, without seeing any of the books, when three men he knew opened the door and came out to catch the bridge car. They were dining in town, they said, and intended to go to the theatre afterward. Would Fordham join them? Fordham didn't care for the fellows particularly—they had never been intimate friends of his—and the prospect of the theatre was not very alluring in his present state of mind, but he accepted the invitation with alacrity. For the

moment he forgot, somehow, his disconcertion on having suddenly come across Billy and the others. With these men he felt no embarrassment. Until almost the end of dinner it was as if his self-respect were unimpaired. And then it came over him that Harrison—one of the three—had narrowly escaped expulsion in his sophomore year for very much the same sort of thing that he—Fordham—was guilty of. He could not recall the story in detail, but it concerned a thesis bought, paid for and handed in to the instructor of one of the philosophical courses. A stupid typewriter in copying the work had made a blunder that almost cost Harrison the rest of his academic career, but in some way or other—Fordham could not remember how—Harrison had ingeniously explained everything to the Dean's satisfaction and had remained in college. Fordham had heard Harrison tell the anecdote; it was, in fact, considered one of his best.

This, then, Fordham reflected dismally, was why he found himself so at ease in the society of Harrison and his friends: he had become one of them. He changed his mind about the theatre—he had a headache, he said—and walked back to Cambridge instead.

The next morning he found in his mail a printed slip from the Advocate requesting leave to publish in the next number the sonnet entitled The Transept. At first Fordham did not intend to answer the note, but a sickening fear that the paper might, on its own responsibility, bring out Dunn's sonnet with his—Fordham's—name under it caused him on second thoughts to decide to refuse his permission at once. He usually wrote his letters at the club, but this morning he bought paper, pens and ink in the square, returned to his room, and, as graciously as possible, informed the editors of the Advocate that he hoped to dispose of his sonnet elsewhere. It was the only plausible excuse he could think of. He breakfasted at The Holly Tree, with his back to the other tables and his face in a newspaper, and as no one he knew came in, he lingered there until late in the morning. His one lecture, he decided, after a short struggle with himself, to cut. Ordinarily, when he had no lectures, he went to the club or to the room of a friend. This morning, however, he hastened back to his own room.

In the corridor there was a middle-aged man examining the cards on the various doors. He was looking, he said, for Mr. Fordham's room. Fordham introduced himself and took the man—who was obviously not a creditor—into his study. He explained—employing a pleasant formula that had become fluent from long practice—that he was one of the editors of Lespers and was making a little trip for the purpose of meeting new writers, looking into their work, and, where it seemed to be mutually advantageous, of coming to an understanding with them. Mr. Penfield had sent him to Fordham—had, in fact, read him one of Fordham's sonnets—a very beautiful and promising bit of work, by the way. . . .

After he had gone, Fordham seized a book from his shelf and tried to read. That the man must have thought him rude, eccentric, half-witted even, was annoying but, after all, of very little importance. It was the injury to Dunn that actually hurt him. He had defrauded his friend of the first great opportunity that had come to him. Of course, if Dunn's verses were as good as every one seemed to think them, recognition under the fellow's own name would surely be accorded them sooner or later. But knowing Dunn as he did, he was inclined to believe that the recognition would be later rather than sooner: Dunn was such a quiet creature; he would never know how to peddle his wares and "push" himself. His chance had come and gone.

That afternoon, while the rest of the college swarmed across the river to a baseball game, Fordham slipped out of his room and strolled through quarters of Cambridge he had never seen before. He hated to walk alone, but he could not bring himself either to go to the game or to look for some one who, like himself, had stayed away. His relations with his fellows had become sickeningly perverted, he felt, and he told himself as he sauntered along the shady streets that he would almost rather die than drag through another twenty-four hours like the last. As he had no intention of dying, the only practical escape from the situation lay in an immediate flight from Cambridge. Heretofore his relations with the college and the world generally had always been so extremely simple that the necessary details of the undertaking assumed definite form in his mind wearily—unwillingly. He would have to say he was ill, he reflected, and was going home to rest and take care of himself until the examinations. What an unending procession of repugnant lies it all entailed! He would dine in town and leave that evening.

On his way back to the yard he saw Penfield hurrying along a side street with his inevitable bundle of themes. The instructor was probably going over to his office in Gray's, Fordham thought, and, fearing that the man might overtake him, he walked quickly up the path leading to the dusky entrance to Memorial Hall.

It was cool and dim inside, and Fordham sauntered through the transept slowly. From the farther door he could see Penfield crossing the street, so he turned and walked back again, listening to the slight echo of his own footsteps on the stone pavement and noticing for the first time the soft rose-colored light on the marble tablets. When he reached the door through which he had come in, he seated himself on the steps and leaned his head against the cool bricks. A robin in the grass below eyed him curiously, as if questioning, Fordham thought, his right to sit there. It was all very peaceful and beautiful; the young man turned half way around in order to look again at the softly lighted interior. He wondered how he could have passed through it so often without ever having really seen it; how ironical it was that his first sight of it should also be his last. As he looked and was moved, a certain harmonious combination of words drifted through his mind; he was scarcely conscious that they were words, so perfectly did they interpret his emotion. It was not until Fordham came to the line that told of "a robin in the greening grass" that he realized that he was repeating The Transept. . . .

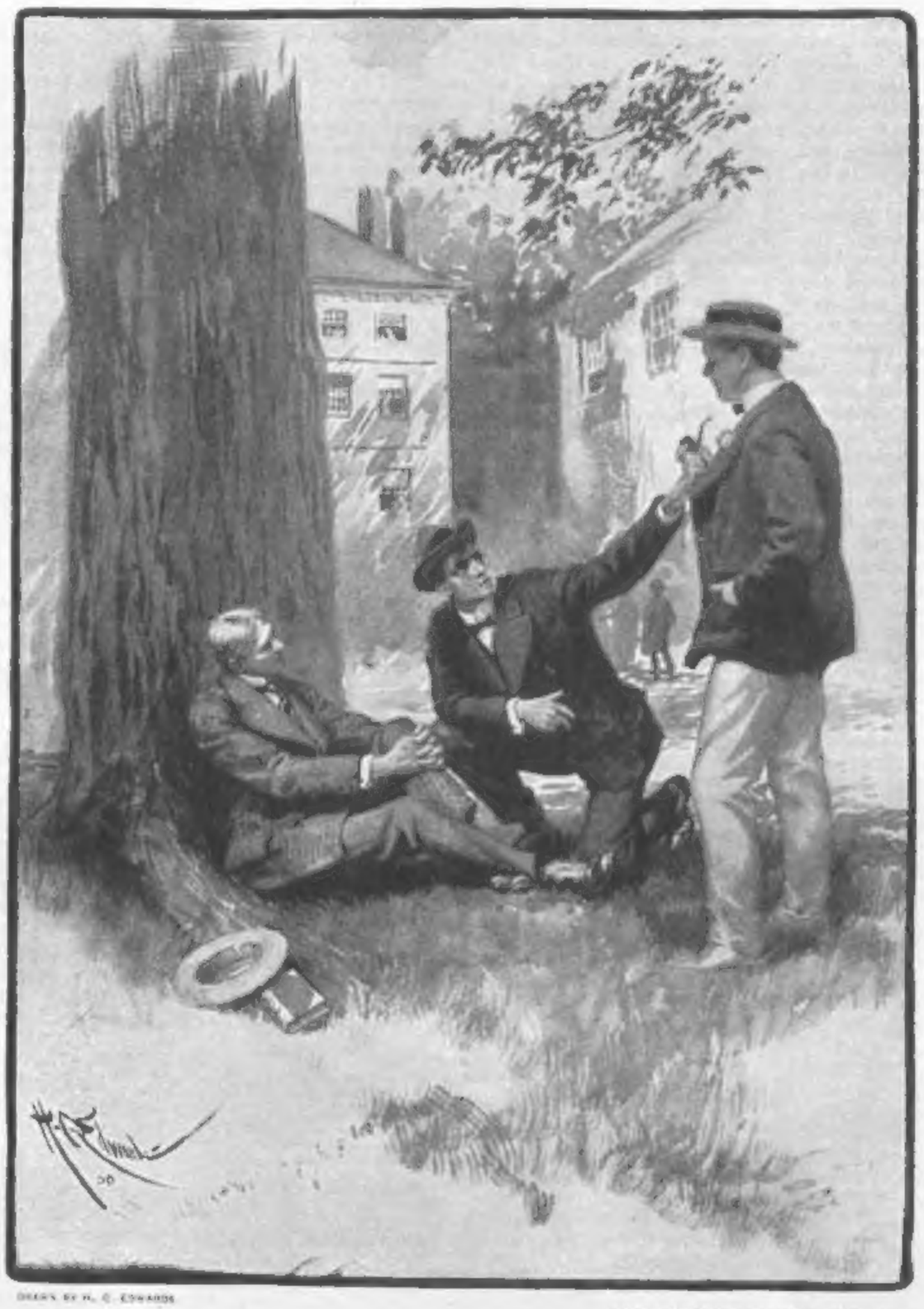
When, at last, Fordham left the steps he jumped up actively and hastened in the direction of the yard. He met many fellows he knew on their way to Memorial for dinner and he spoke to them eagerly—as a man might who had been away from Cambridge for a month.

He crossed the yard, ran up the steps of Gray's and knocked on the door of Penfield's office. The instructor dropped the themes he was reading with an air of relief when Fordham entered.

"I'm so glad to see you," he exclaimed. "I didn't have time yesterday to say all I wanted to about your sonnet."

Fordham went up to the table at which the instructor was sitting and let his fingers rest on the edge. He had not considered just how he should begin, but now that he was there it seemed easy enough.

"I've come to tell you that I did not write it," he said as his eyes met Penfield's.



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

"WELL, I WANT MINE TO BE A CORKER"

Trade in Queer Animals

By René Bache

THERE is no branch of the animal kingdom, nor any corner of the world, that is not ransacked and explored nowadays for the purpose of collecting natural history curiosities to supply the commercial demand. Special expeditions are sent to remote and almost inaccessible regions to gather strange and rare animals, for which the market is as unfailing as for any staple product of the soil or the factory. Firms dealing in such merchandise in a large way are located in most big cities both in this country and abroad, and, judging from the comprehensiveness of their catalogues, it would seem as if there was nothing that flies or walks or swims that they are not prepared to furnish on short notice at list prices.

One of these catalogues advertises a large assortment of "live material," as it is termed. From this document one learns that he can obtain large bullfrogs at three dollars a dozen, alive and kicking; medium-sized bullfrogs are cheaper, costing only $1.75 for twelve. Turtles are two dollars a dozen for "adults," and small ones for aquaria are offered at fifteen cents each. Pond snails, "in assorted lots," are listed at twenty-five cents a dozen; crayfish cost one dollar a dozen, and newts are fifteen cents each. In ordering crayfish, it is requested that a few days' notice be given in which to secure them in case the stock should be low. No such reservation, however, is made in the case of earthworms, which come at sixty cents a dozen. It is safe to say that any small boy will furnish earthworms under this rate.

It will be understood that all the above animals are shipped alive. The catalogue quotes small alligators at fifty to seventy-five cents apiece. Live rattlesnakes come higher—especially the diamond rattlesnake, which costs from five to twelve dollars. Economical persons, however, may prefer a ground rattlesnake at one dollar. The copperhead is supposed to be about as deadly as the rattlesnake, and may be obtained for two dollars, while chicken snakes, king snakes and garter snakes sell as low as fifty cents each.

Crabs are not offered alive, but in alcohol, and in this shape one can buy sand crabs, blue crabs, spider crabs, fiddler crabs, mud crabs and hermit crabs at prices running from ten to seventy-five cents apiece, spider crabs being the dearest. Insects, similarly preserved, are so cheap as to tempt purchase. Squash-bugs cost only fifty cents a dozen, while giant water bugs come at only half that price. Earwigs are quoted at fifty cents a dozen, antlions at ten cents each, crickets at fifty cents a dozen, seventeen-year locusts at ten cents apiece and June bugs at fifty cents a dozen. Horseflies invite the buyer at only ten cents the fly, "true wasps" may be obtained for the same price, and bumblebees foot the list at six cents.

In London, which is the great bug market of the world, auctions of insects are held every year, and startling prices are paid sometimes for rare specimens. As much as $800 has been brought by a single butterfly, while an out-of-the-way beetle may be valued at many times its weight in gold.

Hamburg is a great market for wild animals, largely from Africa, that city having an important trade with the Dark Continent. To London comes much material of the same sort from Australia and New Zealand, and many rare creatures are obtained from sailors who fetch them from various parts of the world. An American dealer, not very long ago, made a special trip to White Bay, New Zealand, for the purpose of procuring a kind of lizard called the "sphenodon," which is regarded by scientists as a wonderful curiosity, inasmuch as it is the only survivor of an entire order of reptiles, all the other genera and species having long since become extinct. This lizard, which is known to the native Maoris as the "tuatera," is about a foot and a half long and, oddly enough, seems to have affinities with the crocodile. Of course, all the kangaroos, wombats and flightless birds come from Australia or New Zealand. A while ago the American dealer above referred to made a special trip to South America for the purpose of obtaining guanaco skeletons and steamer ducks. The guanaco is chiefly interesting because, like the llama, it is a representative of the camel tribe on this continent. The steamer duck is particularly odd, inasmuch as it flies when it is young, but cannot do so after it has matured. The adult bird beats the water with its wings as it swims, and this suggested the name given to the species at a period when all steamers were side-wheelers. It cannot rise in flight, for the reason that, as it gets older, its wings do not develop in proportion to its increase in weight.

The Problems and Prospects of College Men as Seen by their Presidents

Should a Business Man Have a College Education?

By Francis L. Patton

PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

A BOY fifteen or sixteen years of age, let us suppose, has decided on a business career, but wishes to know whether it would be better for him to go to college first. This is a very important question and he must settle it soon, for unless he is at one of the schools which are specially intended to fit boys for college he may find that his school curriculum, however excellent in its way, is not of the kind to open to him the doors of many of our universities.

It is rather unfortunate that there are two types of secondary education in this land, one having in view "the entrance requirements" of the leading universities, and the other intended to fit men for the activities of life in the various avenues of employment. The High School principal says very naturally that he must plan his curriculum with reference to the wants of the great mass of his pupils who, when they leave school, must earn their living, and who cannot go, or at all events do not intend to go, to the university. He must see to it, therefore, that certain studies which are not included in the college entrance requirements, but that are, as he supposes, important factors in fitting boys to be good citizens and in enabling them to earn a livelihood, are incorporated in the High School's schedule of studies. If, therefore, a boy discovers toward the close of his career at the High School that he wishes to go to college it may easily happen that he will find that he has learned the things that he ought not to have learned and left unlearned the things that he ought to have learned. It is a pity that through lack of a proper articulation of the High School and the universities so few of the High School graduates go up to the universities. This condition of things is not likely to last, and there are indications now of an approximation of the High School curriculum to the requirements for admission to our colleges and universities. This approximation would go on more rapidly, perhaps, if there were, on the one hand, a little more elasticity in the construction of entrance requirements, so that a liberal substitution of "equivalents" would be allowed, and particularly if, on the other hand, the custodians of High School education would more commonly recognize the fact that the general mental discipline which fits a boy for college is the best discipline also to qualify for the work of life.

The Problem of the Poor Man's Son

Were this dual system of secondary education eliminated from our problem the question then would be whether a young man about to enter upon a non-professional career would do well to go from school into an office, or whether he would be the gainer by going through the four years of a college course.

This question should not be answered without a careful consideration of both sides of it. There are some, of course, whose circumstances preclude the possibility of a college education, and the problem before us does not assume any practical form with them. Others, again, are so abundantly able to defer indefinitely the period of remunerative employment that they need not be considered in this discussion. Those to whom our question presents a serious problem are the sons of parents of limited means who are willing to make great sacrifices in order that their children may have the best advantages, but who are in doubt whether the gain to be secured by a college course is sufficient to justify these sacrifices. Let us understand, then, that in the case supposed the young man is under the necessity of earning his living, and that he has decided to earn it in one of the many forms of commercial activity covered by the word "business." We must treat this necessity and the proposed method of meeting it with proper respect. It is all very well to say that there is something in this world besides money. So there is; but it is hard to get on without a certain amount of it; and the simple ambition to "get on" is in itself a very worthy one. Few men can make fortunes; but every man has a natural desire to be independent, and any man who in these days of competition is able to maintain himself and his family in a position of modest comfort, who is able to educate his children and enable them to grow up in an atmosphere of refined living, has escaped the just imputation of failure. What, then, shall I say to a young man who has the ambition to realize social comfort and independence? Will he be more or less likely to succeed in business because he has taken the time to acquire a college education?

The Limitations of Office Education

It is safe, I think, to say that a university career will not lessen his business prospects. It is true that he will have spent four years in college which might have been devoted to business and that his companion who went from school to the office has got the start of him. It is but fair also to recognize the elements of advantage which the boy who does not go to college has over the one who does. He goes to business say at seventeen years of age. He is not ashamed to do the humble duties which are assigned to him. He learns to be prompt, industrious and obedient. He acquires, that is to say, business habits. His range of knowledge is limited, but of such resources as he has he is in full command. He writes a fair hand, spells correctly, and while his mathematical knowledge is chiefly of the kind which college professors speak of sneeringly sometimes as mere "business arithmetic," he is a master of it and performs the common operation of that arithmetic with readiness and accuracy. If now he has a knowledge of stenography and typewriting or will be at the pains to acquire it he may be in a position to earn a salary, and will perhaps be advanced to the post of private secretary to the head of his house, with a fair chance of further promotion, at a time when the college graduate is vainly looking around for something to do. In a few years he will have mastered the *technique* of his business, whatever it may be, and while business as a science, if that word may be used in regard to business, he may never know, business as an art he will have learned very thoroughly. Put him in the company of educated men and he will appear at a disadvantage, perhaps, in regard to questions in economic science. He knows nothing

FRANCIS L. PATTON

about "unearned increments" or the "law of diminishing returns." He is not on such easy terms with generalizations pertaining to business life as the college graduate is, but he understands the details of his own calling whatever it may be, and he has a certain commercial value in the labor market which the college graduate will not acquire without some trouble.

Still, this knowledge of *technique* the college graduate will acquire in a much shorter time than it took the schoolboy to acquire it. He is more mature to begin with, and if he has not wasted his time in college he has the great advantage of coming to his business with trained powers. He has learned to give his undivided attention to any subject that needs it, and to do this by an act of will. His powers have not been trained to work in a narrow groove and are not limited to the automatically accurate performance of a single task, but they are at his command and under his control. He has been accustomed to handle the leading concepts of science or philosophy and to reason about them. When he is addressing himself to business problems he simply has a new set of concepts to be handled in the same way. Logic is logic, whether the subject of thought be insurance or astronomy. The power which comes as the result of a liberal education will soon show itself, and some day the opportunity will arrive for the university man to reveal the advantage which he has over the man who left school to go into an office.

Business that Demands College Men

It will be strange indeed if it is not found that the college graduate is capable of doing a kind and quality of business which the man who lacks this training is unable to do. For while the ordinary duties of buying and selling may not require much education, there are, on the other hand, enterprises which involve a comprehensive knowledge of affairs, which call for careful reasoning, which tax a man's power of exact statement, which demand the use of refined forms of expression, and which presuppose a man's ability to associate on equal terms with cultivated and highly educated men. It is needless to say that a man with only an ordinary school education is at great disadvantage under these circumstances compared with the man who has made good use of his time during the four years of his undergraduate life. Besides, it must be remembered that the number of university men in business is increasing all the time. This is changing the character of the competition which one must expect to meet in business life. The university man in the Old World is usually in one of the learned professions or he belongs to the leisured class. But in our land and in this day the business world is claiming an increasingly large proportion of our graduates. Attention was called not so long ago to the fact that the college man does not often come to the front and take a leading position in business. That is simply because until a comparatively recent day so few college men entered business life. The great fortune-builders have, as a rule, not been university graduates. But this is not likely to be the case in the future. The time is rapidly approaching, if it has not already arrived, when the young man without a liberal education will find that the most coveted places in the business and the social world are to all intents and purposes closed to him on this account. In a word, the business man must go to college because the college man is going into business. More and more, therefore, is it likely to be found that for the successful prosecution of the highest forms of business pursuits a liberal education is indispensable.

Another Side of the Problem

There is, I confess, another side of this question which is suggested by the ever-increasing complexity and magnitude of commercial transactions. So large a place does commerce hold in our civilization that it may well be asked whether a knowledge of its principles and of its phenomena may not properly enough be made part of a liberal education. A man can hardly be said to be abreast of his age who lives in entire ignorance of the principles and methods of the business world. I do not wonder that men who have a large vision of the mighty changes that are going on in commerce are beginning to feel that in making generous provision for a liberal education some place should be given to the scientific treatment of the phenomena of industrialism. But I am not discussing the question whether a liberally educated man should know something of business, but whether a business man should have a liberal education. I am trying to show that he should, and the argument would be all the stronger if, in addition to the study of geology, metaphysics, the history of art and civil engineering, an opportunity were given the undergraduate of learning, in a large and scientific way, something about the principles that underlie the great financial operations of the world.

It must be admitted, of course, that the undergraduate does not always make good use of his time in college. He is tempted to fall into idle habits, and he may come out with a diploma authenticating his liberal culture without having gained as much as he ought to have gained by his four years in college. I am in no sympathy with the disposition to look leniently upon the course of a young man who thus wastes his father's money, and who regards a college course as an indolent introduction to the more serious work of life, or a university diploma as a passport to social recognition. And yet it must be conceded that the education one gets in college is not altogether of the intellectual kind. The art of living the community life is nowhere better learned than through the comradeship of undergraduate days. There a man learns, if he ever does, how to get on with his fellows, has his manners conventionalized, is taught self-restraint and learns the lessons of respect for others. It is there that he learns to feel his share of responsibility for public sentiment and to realize his power and influence in making it. There, too, he is apt to get his first lessons in the art of dealing with men, and this in after life is apt to be of far more value to him as a part of his business training than would be the routine and not very intellectual duties that devolve upon the junior clerks of the counting-house.

There is still something else to be said. For after material success has been achieved and after it has expressed itself in material things—a man's house, his furniture, his

plate, his pictures, his horses and his liveried servants, there are some things that money cannot buy, and there must be a degree of disappointment in the discovery on the part of the uneducated man that what he covets most is still denied him. There are men, of course, who transcend the defects of education. And men sometimes acquire grace of manner, refined taste, the ability to appear at ease in the society of cultivated people, and to appreciate the best that has been said in literature, who never matriculated at a university. But it would not be wise to be governed in our decision of the subject under consideration by these exceptions.

A college education, however, must be looked at apart from its bearing upon a man's success in making money, or his capacity for enjoyment, or his eligibility for refined society. A man is superior to his environment. The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. By so much as a man is educated is he realizing the possibilities of his selfhood. There is a profound and a very true philosophy in the advice that is sometimes given a man to make the most of himself. For this, apart from the pleasure that comes of it or the place it gives one in the world, is one's duty. Nor must it be forgotten that every man is part of a great social organism and that he owes duties to this organism. He should not be willing to be a leech and simply suck a living out of the community upon which he happens to fasten himself. If he has worthy views of life he will consider not only what he should do in order to achieve success, but how he shall use his success after he has attained it. His power for good will depend upon his influence, and that will depend largely upon his strength of character and his intellectual equipment.

My advice to any boy who may read these lines is, not to miss the chance to secure a liberal education. And let me say to any parent under whose eye this article may fall: Give your son an education, and though it be at cost of patrimony, give him a chance to earn a college diploma.

The Choice of a Calling

By James B. Angell

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ONE old question is ever new to each member of a graduating class in the last hours of his college course: "What pursuit shall I follow in life?" The aim of this paper is to give a few suggestions which may help one in finding the answer.

Some persons are by their very make and temperament so preëminently fitted for one pursuit that it never occurs to them, or to any one else, that there is any room for hesitation in deciding what shall be their calling. It is a great fortune to a man to be so constituted that he falls to his work in life as naturally and as easily as the young bird takes to her wings. For all his energies, his studies, his experiences work toward the real end of his life.

What we call the providential circumstances of some men determine their calling so plainly that there can be no doubt about the matter. A son, for instance, is left with the care of a large patrimony, which he can best administer. His duty to mother, brothers and sisters may be paramount to all other duties. Illustrations need not be multiplied.

These cases are simple. The really difficult case remains for consideration. It is that of the man who has apparently equal aptitude for different pursuits, say for law, for teaching and for journalism, and is shut up to no one of them to the exclusion of the others. Some men are so versatile that they could do any one of two or three things equally well.

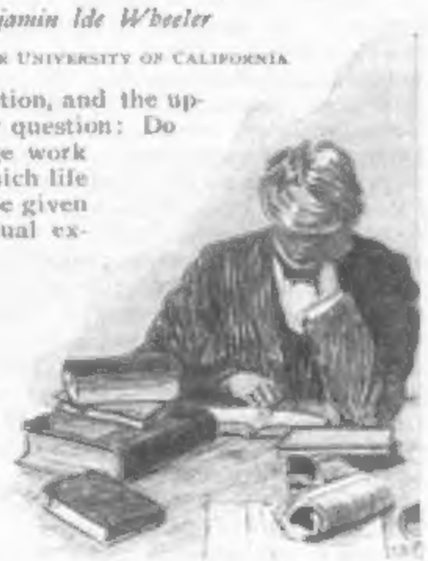
In determining the question of aptitude we may frequently find help in taking the opinions of judicious friends, men of experience who will be frank enough to tell us the plain truth. There is a strange propensity in men to suppose that what is their foible is really their forte. It is said that General Scott believed to the day of his death that his fame would depend on his literary productions, which nobody reads, rather than on his Mexican campaigns. Goethe apparently felt more pride in his Essays on Color than in his Egmont or Tasso. Even in the range of college experience not a few men convince themselves that they are poets, while the rest of the college community remain unconvinced. The explanation of this self-deception is probably found in the fact that we are inclined to consider as our best productions those which have cost us most toil, because we have not been working in the direction of our talent. Let us then be prepared to hear the counsels of our associates who will tell us true things, rather than pleasant things, *vera pro gratis*. The faithful wounds of a friend are better than the flatteries of a foe.

One who is seeking to learn what his future duty is to be will find help in the faithful discharge of present duty. The path opens as we march on. It is the young man who is busy that is most in demand. It is the brave fellow fighting in the ranks for whom shoulder straps are waiting. Go bravely at the work which Providence puts within your reach. Remember that fine saying of Carlyle that the best teacher for the duties that are dim to us is the performance of the duties which are clear to us. Keep your soul open in a spirit of candor and honesty, ready to receive whatever may prove to be the divine command for you.

Is Scholarship a Promise of Success in Life?

By Benjamin Ide Wheeler

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



THIS is a common question, and the upshot of it is the other question: Do the tests which the college work applies resemble those which life exacts? The answer can be given only in terms of individual experience and observation, and I give mine for what it is worth. There are individual cases, as every one knows, of success from the lowest third of the class, and the comment of surprise gives them lustre. I believe they are comets, however. In my observation, the successful men come chiefly from the first third. When the high scholar turns out a commonplace man, as he not infrequently does, the dunces have their delight, and the one exception outweighs five illustrations of the rule.

A college man wins in life not by virtue of the special knowledge he has acquired so much as by the habits he has formed. Habits of mind involve an attitude toward truth. Habits of thinking involve a control of the mental processes. Habits of work involve sense for time and for duty. A man who does things at the time when they ought to be done is likely to be wanted. It is the men who are wanted that are the successes. The men who are forever toiling to create a demand for themselves, they are the nuisances.

The best scholars succeed best in life chiefly, I believe, because they have been most regular and punctual in doing their college work. My experience with college students teaches me that they are intellectually much nearer a level than their achievements indicate. It is power of will more than power of mind that differentiates them. Must and ought have fifty times more stuff in them than might and could.

I have known men of the superbest equipment and the finest intellectual and athletic training who were of no possible use for any sublunar purpose, because they could not be relied upon to keep an appointment or to do anything they had agreed to do at a specified time. Having lost faith in their own wills, they had ceased to plan their own work, and went drifting on through life swept with every current.

The college tests are not always such as to prevent some fairly small men and pretty mean men from reaching class honors by sheer digging, but the modern college offers them less opportunity than the old curriculum. Digging is good, for it betrays will-fibre, but the "digs" and "grinds" who lack heart and vision will prove to be men of the muck-rake.

There is a type of man found well represented in every class of modern American college from whom one may expect a successful life. He does his college work faithfully and stands well in his class. He takes part in student sports and student affairs without being pure athlete or impure class politician. He is clean in manners, morals and dress. He holds the solid respect of his class without being flabbily popular. He plans his work, keeps his appointments, moves toward a goal, and spends no time in watching himself grow. It matters little whether such a man is valedictorian or not.

The Student and His Money Account

By James G. K. McClure

PRESIDENT OF LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY

HAPPY the man so well educated that his finances add wings to his success. Genius, without ability to live within means actually possessed or reasonably expected, is synonymous with misery. The true blessedness of life—whatever sphere of activity a student enters—depends largely upon his ability to keep outgo less than income. Many an ordinary mind has unceasingly advanced to influence, as well as has constantly held happiness, simply because it knew how to manage its money account. Of two students equally bright going out into the world from graduation day, one capable in money affairs and the other incapable, the chances—no, the certainties—of a successful career are with the former rather than the latter.

A student's use of the money that comes into his control is therefore of most significant importance. His sense of its worth, his appreciation of the source from which he received it, his method of expenditure, his power to obtain the best and largest results from it are elements of his character that he cannot afford to underestimate. Even if it comes to him freely as a lavish gift of wealthy parents, all the more should he be on guard lest misuse of it unfit him for the thoughtfulness that, sooner or later, his own personal responsibilities will demand. Here is where the poor boy, struggling to obtain an education, and necessarily counting every cent he himself can earn, or can secure from self-denying friends, is at an advantage: he must practice self-control, denying himself luxuries, remembering the sacrifice of his parents, and striving to make his resources as far-reaching as possible.

But rich or poor as the student may be, each alike needs the scientific method of using money. Truth applies to money as much as to electricity. Carelessness—not to say recklessness—in the use of money is a handicap. Avoidable debt hurts the moral and mental conception of the man, and prejudices the world against him. The teacher, minister or engineer who cannot manage his own finances wisely is an unsafe man with whom to intrust interests; the physician, lawyer or merchant whose methods tend toward bankruptcy would better be passed by.

The student, as a student, may not know the fact, but fact it is, that this world of ours, whose progress depends upon the ideal and whose sweetest experiences are those of sentiment, is still, and so far as we can see, ever will be, exceedingly prosaic. Some day bread must be secured, and perhaps children clothed and educated. Then the man who, years ago, learned how to manage comes gradually to the front; he can provide for a home, can do his part in public improvements, and can keep good cheer. His fellow who failed to see the moral obligations of money, who did not pay his debts, did not feel gratitude to his benefactors, and did not have wit enough to adapt his expenses to his income will be far behind in life's race.

It may be right for a student to borrow money wherewith to secure his education; many men have done so to their lasting advantage. Such borrowing is justifiable only where a student's industry, thrift, application and uprightness are worthy collaterals for the loan. But that student does well who somehow succeeds in preserving a good bodily condition and still comes out of college without burdensome indebtedness—such indebtedness is often a long-abiding incubus.

This is the thought that should be in every student's mind: "Other men provided the money by which this institution whose advantages I enjoy was founded and is continued. Here, I am a recipient. When I go out into the world I must be a giver. Thus alone can I show my manliness. Somewhere or somehow I must make my contribution to the welfare of the world. To that end I must now acquire the money habits that will fit me in my turn to be a giver."

With this thought animating him the student will do no dishonorable thing in any business transaction with his comrades or with the institution which educates him. As manager of any student organization, as subscriber to any student movement, as member of any student body, as borrower from any educational fund, he will be as careful with finances as though he were teller in a bank. So doing, he will protect his own integrity, secure the respect of his associates and hold a mortgage on influence and comfort.

Yes, happy the man so well educated that his finances, whether small or large, speed him on to success.

Stories of A Scots Grammar School

The Count

By Ian Maclaren

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IF YOU excluded two or three Englishmen who spoke with an accent suggestive of an effeminate character and had a fearsome habit of walking on the Sabbath, and poor "Moossy," the French master at the Seminary, who was a quantity not worth considering, the foreign element in Muirtown during the classical days consisted of the Count. He never claimed to be a Count and used at first to deprecate the title, but he declined the honor with so much dignity that it seemed only to prove his right, and by and by he answered to the name with simply a slight wave of his hand, which he meant for deprecation, but which came to be considered a polite acknowledgment.

His real name was not known in Muirtown, not because he had not given it, but because it could not be pronounced, being largely composed of z's and k's, with an irritating parsimony of vowels. We had every opportunity of learning to spell it, if we could not pronounce it, for it was one of the Count's foreign ways to carry a card-case in his ticket-pocket, and, on being introduced to an inhabitant of Muirtown, to offer his card with the right hand while he took off his hat with the left and bowed almost to a right angle.

Upon those occasions a solid man like Bailie MacFarlane would take hold of the card cautiously, not knowing whether so unholy a name might not go off and shatter his hand, and during the Count's obeisance, which lasted for several seconds, the Bailie regarded him with grave disapproval. The mind of Muirtown during this performance of the Count's used to be divided between regret that any human being should condescend to such tricks, and profound thankfulness that Muirtown was not part of a foreign country where people were brought up with the manners of poodles.

Our pity for foreigners was nourished by the manner of the Count's dress, which would have been a commonplace on a boulevard, but astounded Muirtown on its first appearance, and always lent an element of piquant interest to our streets. His perfectly brushed hat, broadish in the brim and curled at the sides, which he wore at the faintest possible angle, down to his patent-leather boots, which it was supposed he obtained in Paris, and wore out at the rate of a pair a month, all was unique and wonderful, but it was his frock coat which stimulated conversation. It was so tight and fitted so perfectly, revealing the outlines of his slender form, and there was such an indecent absence of waist—waist was a strong point with Muirtown men, and in the case of persons who had risen to office, like the Provost, used to run to forty inches—that a report went around the town that the Count was a woman. This speculation was confirmed rather than refuted by the fact that the Count smoked cigarettes, which he made with Satanic ingenuity while you were looking at him, and that he gave a display of fencing with the best swordsman of a Dragoon regiment in the barracks, for it was shrewdly pointed out that those were just the very accomplishments of French "Cutties."

This scandal might have indeed crystallized into an accepted fact, and the Provost been obliged to command the Count's departure, had it not been for the shrewdness and good nature of the "Fair Maid of Muirtown." There always was a fair maid in Muirtown—*and in those days she was fairest of her succession*: let this flower lie on her grave. She declared to her friends that she had watched the Count closely and had never once seen him examine a woman's dress when the *woman wasn't looking, and* after that no person of discernment in Muirtown had any doubt about the Count's sex. It was, however, freely said—and that story was never contradicted—that he wore stays, and every effort was made to obtain the evidence of his landlady. Her gossips tried Mistress Jamieson with every wile of conversation, and even lawyers' wives, pretending to inquire for rooms for a friend, used to lead the talk around to the Count's habits; but that worthy matron was loyal to her lodger and was not quite insensible to the dignity of a mystery.

Between him and the boys there grew up a fast friendship

"Na, na, Mistress Lunan, I see what you're after; but, beggin' your pardon, a landlady's a landlady, and my mouth's closed. The Count disna ken the difference atween Saturday and Sabbath, and the money he wastes on tobacco juist goes to ma heart; but he never had the blessin' of a Gospel ministry nor the privileges of Muirtown when he was young. As regards stays, whether he wears them or disna wear them a'm no prepared to say, for a thank goodness that I've never yet opened a lodger's boxes nor entered a lodger's room when he was dressin'. The Count pays his rent in advance every Monday morning; he wanted to pay on Sabbath, but I told him it was not a lawful day. He gives no trouble in the house, and if his doctor ordered him to wear stays to support his spine, which a'm no' sayin' he did, Mistress Lunan, it's no concern o' mine, and the weather is inclinin' to snow."

His dress was a perfect fabric of art, however it may have been constructed; and it was a pleasant sight to see the Count go down our main street on a summer afternoon, approving himself with a side glance in the mirrors of the larger shops, striking an attitude at our bookseller's when a new print was exposed in the window, waving his cigarette and blowing the smoke through his nostrils, which was considered a "tempting of Providence," making his respectful salutations to every lady whom he knew, and responding with "Celestial, my friend!" to Bailie MacFarlane's greeting of "Fine growing weather." When he sailed past McGuffie's stable-yard, like Solomon in all this glory, that great man, who always persisted in regarding the Count as a sporting character, would touch the rim of his hat with his forefinger—an honor he paid to few—and after the Count had disappeared would say "Gosh!" with much relish.

This astounding spectacle very early attracted the attention of the Seminary boys, and during his first summer in Muirtown it was agreed that he would offer an irresistible temptation for snowball practice during next winter. The temptation was not one which could have been resisted, and it is to be feared that the Count would have been confined to the house when the snow was on the ground had it not been for an incident which showed him in a new light and established him, stays or no stays, in the respect of the Seminary forever.

There had been a glorious fight on the first day of the war with the "Pennies," and when they were beaten a dozen of them, making a brave rearguard fight, took up their position with the Count's windows as their background. There were limits to license even in those brave old days, and it was understood that the windows of houses, especially private houses, and still more especially in the vicinity of the Seminary, should not be broken, and if they were broken the culprits were hunted down and interviewed by "Bulldog" at length.

When the "Pennies" placed themselves under the protection of the Count's glass, which was really an unconscious act of meanness on their part, the Seminary distinctly hesitated; but the "Sparrow" was in command and he knew no scruples as he knew no fear.

"Dash the windows!" cried the Seminary captain; and when the "Pennies" were driven along the street, the windows had been so effectually "dashed" that there was not a sound pane of glass in the Count's sitting-room. As the victorious army returned to their capital and the heat of battle died down, there was some anxiety about to-morrow, for Mistress Jamieson was not the woman to have her glass broken for nothing, and it was shrewdly suspected that the Count, with all his dandyism, would not take this affront lightly. As a matter of fact, Mistress Jamieson made a personal call upon the Rector that evening and explained with much eloquence to that timid, harassed scholar that, unless his boys were kept in better order, Muirtown would not be a place for human habitation; and before she left she demanded the blood of the offenders, and compared Muirtown in its present condition to Sodom and Gomorrah.

As the Rector was always willing to leave discipline in the capable hands of Bulldog, and as the chief sinners would almost certainly be in his class in the forenoon, the Count, who had witnessed the whole battle from a secure corner in his sitting-room and had afterward helped Mistress Jamieson to clear away the *débris*, went to give his evidence and identify the culprit. He felt it to be a dramatic occasion and he arose to its height: and the school retained a grateful recollection of Bulldog and the Count side by side

—the Count carrying himself with all the grace and dignity of a foreign ambassador come to settle an international dispute, and Bulldog more austere than ever, because he hated a "tell-pyet," and yet knew that discipline must be maintained.

The Count explained with many flourishes that he was desolated to come for the first time to this so distinguished a Gymnasium upon an errand so distasteful, but that a lady had laid her commands on him ("Dis the body mean Lucky Jamieson?" whispered the Sparrow to a neighbor), and he had ever been a slave of the sex (Bulldog at this point regarded him with a disdain beyond words). The Rector of this place of learning had also done him, an obscure person, the honor of an invitation to come and assist at this function of justice, and although, as the Count explained, he was no longer a soldier, obedience was still the breath of his nostrils. Behold him, therefore, the servant of justice, ready to be questioned or to lay down his life for law: and the Count bowed again to Bulldog, placing his hand upon his heart, and then leant in a becoming attitude against the desk, tapping his shining boots with his cane and feeling that he had acquitted himself with credit.

"We're sorry to bring ye out on such a day, sir"—and Bulldog's glance conveyed that such a figure as the Count's ought not to be exposed in snowtime—"but we'll not keep you long and I'll juist state the circumstances with convenient brevity. The boys of the Seminary are allowed to exercise themselves in the snowtime within limits. If they fight wi' neighboring schools, it's a maitter of regret; but if they break windows, they're liable to the maist extreme penalty. Now, I'm informed that some of the young scoundrels—and I believe the very laddies are in this classroom at this meenut" (the Sparrow made no effort to catch Bulldog's eye, and Howieson's attention was entirely occupied with mathematical figures)—"have committed a breach of the peace at Mistress Jamieson's house. What I ask you, sir, to do"—and Bulldog regarded the Count with increasing disfavor, as he thought of such a popinjay giving evidence against his laddies—"is, to look around this classroom and point out, so far as ye may be able, any boy or boys who drove a snowball or snowballs through the windows of your residence."

During this judicial utterance the eyes of the Count wandered over the school with the most provoking intelligence, and conveyed even to the dullest, with a vivacity of countenance of which Muirtown was not capable, that Bulldog was a tiresome old gentleman, that the boys were a set of sad dogs capable of any mischief, that some of them were bound to get a first-class thrashing and, worst of all, that he, the Count, knew who would get it, and that he was about to give evidence in an instant with the utmost candor and elegance of manner.

When his glance lighted on Splug it was with such a cheerful and unhesitating recognition that the Sparrow was almost abashed and knew for certain that for him, at least, there could be no escape; while Howieson, plunging into arithmetic of his own accord for once, calculated rapidly what would be his share of the broken glass. Neither of them would have denied what he did to save himself twenty thrashings;

Editor's Note—This is the first of a new series of six stories by Ian Maclaren, under the general title, A Scots Grammar School. Others will follow at intervals of a month. Each story is complete in itself.

but they shared Bulldog's disgust that a free-born Scot should be convicted on the evidence of a foreigner, whom they always associated in his intellectual gifts and tricks of speech with the monkey which used to go around seated on the top of our solitary barrel-organ.

"When it is your pleasure, sir," said Bulldog sternly; and there was a silence that could be felt, whilst the Sparrow already saw himself pointed out with the Count's cane.

The shutters went suddenly down on the Count's face: he became grave and anxious, and changed from a man of the world, who had been exchanging a jest with a few gay Bohemians, into a witness in the Court of Justice.

"Assuredly, monsieur, I will testify upon what you call my soul and conscience," and the Count indicated with his hand where both those faculties were contained. "I will select the boy who had the audacity, I will say profanity, to break the windows of my good friend and hostess, Madame Jamieson."

The Count gave himself to the work of selection, but there was no longer a ray of intelligence in his face. He was confused and perplexed, he looked here and he looked there, he made little impatient gestures, he said a bad French word, he flung up a hand in despair, he turned to Bulldog with a frantic gesture, as of a man who thought he could have done something at once and found he could not do it at all. Once more he faced the school, and then Sparrow, with that instinct of acute observation which belongs to a savage, began to understand and gave Howieson a suggestive kick.

"As a man of honor," said the Count with much solemnity, "I give my testimony, and I declare that I do not see one of the boys who did forget themselves yesterday and did offer the insult of an assault to Madame's domicile."

And it would have been curious if he had seen the boys, for the Count was looking over their heads and studying the distant view in the meadow and the River Tay with evident interest and appreciation.

The mind of the Sparrow was now clear upon the Count and Bulldog also understood, and in two seconds, so quick is the flash of sympathy through a mass of boy life, the youngest laddie in the Seminary gymnasium knew that, although the Count might have had the misfortune to be born in foreign parts and did allow himself to dress like a dancing master, inside that coat, and the stays, too, if he had them on, there was the heart of a man who would not tell tales on any fellow, but who also liked his bit of fun.

"It's a peety, Count," said Bulldog with poorly concealed satisfaction, "that we're no in a poseetion to recognize the culprits, for if they're no here my conviction is they're not to be found in Muirtown. We can ask no more of you, sir, and we're muckle obleeged for yir attendance."

"It is a felicitous affair," said the Count, "which has the fortune to introduce me to this charming company," and the Count bowed first to Bulldog and then to the school with such a marked indication in one direction that the Sparrow almost blushed. "My sorrow is to be so stupid a witness, but, monsieur, you will allow me to pay the penalty of my poor eyesight. It will be my pleasure," and again the Count bowed in all directions, "to replace the glass in Madame's house, and the incident, pouf! it is forgotten."

There was a swift glance from all parts of the room, and permission was read in Bulldog's face. Next instant the room was rent with a round of applause such as could be given only when fifty such lads wished to express their feelings, and the Sparrow led the cheers.

"Ye will allow me to say, sir," and now Bulldog came as near as possible to a bow, "that ye have acted this day as a gentleman, and, so far as the boys of Muirtown Seminary are concerned, ye're free to come and go among us as ye please."

The departure of the Count, still bowing, with Bulldog attending him to the door and offering him overshoes to cover the polished leather boots, was a sight to behold, and the work done for the rest of the hour was not worth mentioning.

During the lunch hour the school was harangued in short, pithy terms by the Sparrow, and, in obedience to his invitation, Muirtown Seminary proceeded in a solid mass to the Count's residence, where they gave a volley of cheers. The Count was more gratified than by anything that had happened to him since he came to Muirtown; and, throwing up one of the newly repaired windows, he made an eloquent speech, in which he referred to Sir Walter Scott and Queen Mary and the Fair Maid of Perth among other romantic trifles; declared that the fight between the "Pennies" and the Seminary was worthy of the great Napoleon; pronounced the Sparrow to be *un brave garçon;* expressed his regret that he could not receive the school in his limited apartments, but invited them to cross with him to Mistress McCrum's, the Seminary tuckshop, where he entertained the whole set to Mistress McCrum's best home-made ginger-beer. He also desired that Mistress Jamieson should come forward to the window with him and bow to the school while he held her hand—which the Count felt would have been an interesting tableau. It certainly would have been, but Mistress Jamieson, in the most decided terms, refused to assist.

Me stand wi' the Count at an open window, hand in hand wi' him, and bowin', if ye please, to thae blackguard laddies? Na, na; I m a widow o' good character and a member o' the Free Kirk, and it would ill set me to play such tricks. But a'll say this for the Count—he behaved handsome; and a'm judgin' the'll no be another pane o' glass broken in my house so long as the Count is in it. And there never was.

It were not possible to imagine anything more different than a Muirtown boy and the Count; but boys judge by an instinct which never fails within its own range, and Muirtown Seminary knew that, with all his foreign ways, the Count was a man. Legends gathered around him and flourished exceedingly, being largely invented by Nestie and offered for consumption at the mouth of the pistol by the Sparrow, who gave it to be understood that to deny or even to smile at Nestie's most incredible invention would be a ground of personal offense.

The Count was in turn a foreign nobleman, who had fallen in love with the Emperor of Austria's daughter and had been exiled by the imperial parent, but that the Princess was true to the Count, and that any day he might be called from Mistress Jamieson's lodgings to the palace at Vienna; that he was himself a King of some mysterious European State, who had been driven out by conspirators, but whose people were going to restore him, and that some day the Sparrow would be staying with the Count in his royal abode, and possibly sitting beside him on the throne. During this romance the Sparrow felt it right to assume an air of demure modesty, which was quite consistent with keeping a watchful eye on any impertinent young rascal who might venture to jeer, when the Sparrow would politely ask him what he was laughing at, and offer to give something to laugh for; that the Count was himself a conspirator and the head of a secret society which extended all over Europe, with signs and password, and that whenever any tyrant became intolerable, the warrant for his death was sent from Mistress Jamieson's. Whenever one fable grew hackneyed, Nestie produced another, and it was no longer necessary in Muirtown Seminary to buy Indian tales or detective stories, for the whole library of fiction was now bound up and walking about in the Count.

Between him and the boys there grew up a fast friendship, and he was never thoroughly happy now unless he was with his "jolly dogs." He attended every cricket match and at last, after he had learned how, kept the score, giving a cheer at every new run and tearing his hair when any of his boys were bowled out. He rushed around the football field without his cane and generally without his hat; and high above all cheers could be heard his "Bravo—bravo, forvards! Spar-r-ow!" as that enterprising player cleft his way through the opponents' ranks. It mattered nothing to the Count that his boots were ruined and his speckless clothes soiled; he would not have cared though he had burst his stays, so long as the "dogs" won and he could go up in glory with them to Phemie McCrum's and drink to their health in flowing ginger-beer. During the play hour his walk seemed ever to bring him to the North Meadows, and if a ball by accident, for none would have done it by intention, knocked off the Count's hat, he cried "Hoor-r-rah!" in his own pronunciation and bowed in response to this mark of attention.

It was a pretty sight to see him bending forward, his hands resting on his knees, watching a battle royal between the tops of Sparrow and Howieson, and if anything could be better it was to see the Count trying to spin a top himself, and expostulating with it in unknown tongues. As the boys came to the school in the morning and went home in the evening up Breadalbane Street, the Count was always sitting at one of the windows which had been broken, ready to wave his hand to any one who saluted him.

As time went on this alliance told upon the Count's outer man; he never lost his gay manner nor his pretty little waist, nor could he ever have been taken for a Scot; nor even if he had lived to the age of Methuselah, have been made an elder of the Kirk; but his boots grew thicker, though they were always neat, and his clothes grew rougher though they were always well made, and his ties became quieter and his week day hat was like that of other men, and, except on Sunday, Muirtown never saw the glory of the former days.

With his new interest in life every one noticed that the Count had grown simpler and kindlier, and Muirtown folk who used to laugh at him with a flavor of contempt, began to love him, through their boys. He would walk home with Bulldog on a summer evening, the strangest pair that ever went together; and it was said that many little improvements for the comfort of the lads, and many little schemes for their happiness at Muirtown Seminary were due to the Count. It was believed that the time did come when he could have returned to his own land, but that he did not go because he was a lonely man and had found his friends in Muirtown; and when he died, now many years ago, he left his little all for the benefit of his "jolly dogs," and the Count, who had no mourners of his blood, was followed to his grave by every boy at Muirtown Seminary.

"IT'S A PEETY, COUNT," SAID BULLDOG, "THAT YE RE NO IN A POSEETION TO RECOGN IZE THE CULPR ITS"

Tattooed Men in the Army

THE Army keeps an interesting record of its tattooed men. There are a good many of them, and their embellishments furnish one of the principal means of identification. Indeed this record may be said to be the basis of the military system of personal identification in connection with the detection of deserters and is the nearest approach to the excellent Bertillon method of the French Government.

When a man applies at a recruiting station or at a regimental recruiting depot he is subjected to a physical examination. The physical standard of the enlisted man of the Army has been raised within the last few years by the determination of the authorities to accept for duty as soldiers only such men as possess hardihood, endurance and a good physique. In connection with this examination the Army surgeon indicates on a card, furnished for that purpose, the marks upon the body of the recruit whose name, age, height, color of hair and eyes, and date of enlistment are also recorded. This card contains the outlined figure of a man, the body divided into sections for the convenience of classification, the distinguishing marks found on the recruit.

The card, with its faithful record, is sent to Washington, where it is properly indexed and then classified with cards which bear a similarity of bodily marks. Thus the cards which show a striking scar or tattooed emblem on the right forearm are put in a class by themselves; a card which shows the distinguishing mark to be on the left hip goes in a class with other cards presenting a like mark on the same part of the body. This makes it possible, when a man deserts and reënlists under an assumed name, to compare the card of the new recruit with the cards of other men who have served and who are distinguishable by similar telltale marks.

The most interesting of these distinctive features are the tattooed marks. Sometimes the design is a crude, meaningless splotch of India ink, an inheritance from schoolday trickery. Others are elaborate.

The designs are varied, and run the gamut of human ingenuity. They illustrate strange animals, reptiles, frightful faces, or again, some religious subject is depicted, or a romance which may or may not have left its memory in the heart, is thus perpetuated in the skin. Names, most of them feminine, frequently appear as a tattooed memorial, as do oftentimes initials, not always of the bearer's name. This record of the tattooed men of the Army is an interesting one. It is one of the most useful of the features of a simple system of identification. Many a deserter and wrongdoer has been found by some fantastic tattooed design on his body.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The New President of Mount Holyoke

Miss Mary E Woolley, the new President of Mount Holyoke College, is the daughter of a Congregational minister. She was graduated at Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Massachusetts

In 1891 Miss Woolley went to Dr. E. B. Andrews, the President of Brown University, and asked permission to enter that institution as a special student in history This permission was granted. In a few weeks the Brown University for Women was opened and Miss Woolley was the first student enrolled

During the summer after her freshman year she made up her preparatory Greek, and her second year found her with the regular sophomore studies, freshman Greek and post-graduate work in history. She studied night and day, and at the end of the summer after the second year she entered the senior class and was graduated with the class of '94, having taken the regular four years' course in three years

During her first year in Brown Miss Woolley was a marked figure on the campus and in the library, where she usually could be found in the afternoon poring over some old Latin book or hunting out some buried historical fact Her quiet, steady manner of work was an inspiration to the men, and many of them did more faithful work because of her presence In the classroom. Great things were prophesied of her. Doctor Andrews predicted that some day Miss Woolley would be at the head of some one of the large women's colleges. She was not only interested in the studies but in everything else pertaining to college life, and was thoroughly up on the victories of the Brown ball Nine

She was asked what she found to be the difference between the men and the women in the college. Her reply was characteristically frank "The girls study harder; the men think more," she declared

After receiving her A M at Brown, Miss Woolley was offered the position of instructor of Biblical history at Wellesley College She accepted Her first year at Wellesley was a great success. The girls delighted to honor her, and she was in constant demand as chaperon. Her course became one of the most popular in the college and remained so

In 1897 Smith College tried to get her to join its faculty, and at the same time she was offered the position of Principal of Wheaton Seminary. Both of these honors she declined

During her first years at Wellesley she was very active as a member of the Rhode Island Women's Committee which raised the money to endow the Brown University for Women. The other day these Rhode Island women gave a dinner to Miss Woolley, and many delightful compliments were paid her for her many good works. Miss Woolley is above the medium height, slender, of the brunette type, with deep, searching brown eyes, and a high, intellectual forehead. Her manner is simple and attractive, and she is a delightful conversationalist She loves her home life and prides herself on her cooking

Miss Woolley's capacity for study is extraordinary. For instance, when she went to Brown University she took the freshman studies with the girls and junior and senior history in the men's classes, and did special honor work both in Latin and history. When she received the degree of Master of Arts from Brown, Doctor Jameson, her teacher in history, said that she was the peer of any man in New England teaching history who had been out of college nine years.

Mr. Bonaparte's Famous Pun

The most successful pun ever perpetrated at a commencement is attributed to Charles Jerome Bonaparte, the brilliant American member of that famous family, who is a trustee of Harvard, and who practices law in Baltimore. It was at the Johns Hopkins University, and there was a crowded and distinguished audience. Mr. Bonaparte presided. The address was to have been delivered by a member of the faculty who was remarkably absent minded. When introduced he stood up and confessed to the large audience that he had forgotten entirely that he was to make an address; he recalled that something was on his mind and he intended the night before to write out a speech, but instead of that it slipped his memory and he went to the opera. With that he sat down. Mr Bonaparte arose and spoke these three words

"Opera non verba.'

There was a slight pause, and then a roar of laughter filled the hall

Doctor Pritchett's New Post

The election of Dr. Henry S Pritchett, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, to succeed Dr James M Crafts as the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been universally approved by the alumni of this famous technical school

Doctor Pritchett is a scientist of the first rank, and his astronomical and mathematical researches are known to astronomers and geographers the world over Dr Pritchett was born in Missouri in 1857. After taking his bachelor's degree he spent several years in study abroad and was given his doctor's degree by the University of Munich. His astronomical studies have taken him all over the world, some of his most valuable work having been done while at the head of parties of scientists sent out to observe eclipses and other celestial phenomena. He has also held several important positions in the leading observatories of the country

Doctor Pritchett was for several years connected with Washington University, where his scientific attainments brought him into wide notice. Like most investigators he is a man of wonderful enthusiasm and tenacity of purpose, which should go far in making him a valuable acquisition for the New England technical school.

One of Doctor Pritchett's closest friends was Professor Asaph Hall, under whom he studied in the United States Naval Observatory, and who became Professor of Astronomy at Harvard and discovered the two moons of Mars

Doctor Ward's Part in the Affair

Among the successful smaller colleges of the country is the Western Maryland, located at Westminster. For years the President of it was the Rev. Dr. J. T. Ward. One night some of the mischief-makers stole the molasses cans from the kitchen and poured streams of the treacle down the whole of the banisters that led from the sky parlor to the basement Doctor Ward got up very early the next morning and as he went down the steps he gathered a handful of the molasses The faculty sat in solemn session, but not an inkling could they find as to the identity of the miscreants. Suddenly the humor of the thing broke upon the doctor, and he said

"Gentlemen, I may as well confess. I had a hand in it."

A Young Man of Action

Men who know James A LeRoy, secretary to Dean C Worcester, of the Philippine Commission, believe the Commissioners could not do better than turn him loose with instructions to run the rebel leader down. LeRoy has a faculty for meeting all sorts of emergencies in apparently impossible ways.

In '96, when he was captain of the University of Michigan track team, he sprained his ankle and had to break training. He went with his team to Chicago to attend the Western intercollegiate meet, but did not expect to contest, and did not even take his track suit. But a man whom he had counted on to win the broad jump got sick. LeRoy saw defeat staring his team in the face. He was entered for the games and had the right to take part. He borrowed a suit and pair of spiked shoes He walked to the track with a look of determination on his face that made his supporters prophesy success in spite of his bad ankle and lack of training When his turn came he tore down the field in a way that made the Michigan men hold their breath He rose at the take off and landed just twenty two feet and seven inches away, breaking the Western record and defeating his nearest competitor by more than one foot.

When Commissioner Worcester offered LeRoy his secretaryship the athlete was in Detroit writing politics for the Evening News. He wired his acceptance and then wrote another telegram. It consisted of five words:

"Can I take my wife?"

"You have my best blessing," wired the Commissioner, who knew LeRoy was not married, but I will have to get you permission from Washington.'

Then LeRoy wrote another telegram It was to Miss Mabel Pound, of Pontiac Miss Pound had been in the university when LeRoy was a student there. This telegram contained eleven words.

"Will you marry me and start at once for the Philippines?" Just that and nothing more

The answer to this dispatch has not been made public. However, permission came from Washington for LeRoy to take his wife to Manila. There was no time to be lost. LeRoy had to leave for San Francisco on Friday. Superstitions were laid aside and he was married to Miss Pound on that day. Now he and Mrs. LeRoy are on the transport bound for the Philippines

A Friend of the Indians

Miss Alice Cunningham Fletcher, who is connected with the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and who is a member of the Anthropological Society of Washington and a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is best known for her remarkable work in ethnology. But there are hundreds of Indians who remember her name and thank her for what she did for them. It was she who devised the system for loaning small sums of money to aid the Indians to buy land and build houses for themselves

It was due to Miss Fletcher that many children of the Omahas were sent to the Indian schools at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and Hampton, Virginia, and she raised a great deal of money to pay for the education of Indians. A very unusual tribute to her work was the request of the Government that she write the book on Indian Civilization and Education.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Enterprise of the Modern College

In many respects the finest eclipse of the sun that has taken place during the present century will occur next Monday. In one hundred years there have been seventy eclipses, but only eight of the total eclipses have been visible on the North American continent. This year all the way from the neighborhood of New Orleans to Norfolk in a straight line across the Southern States the eclipse will be total, and for several hundred miles on each side of the path of totality there will be enough of the eclipse to arouse the interest of the millions who will see it. Of course such an event is bound to enlist the attentions and activities of all the colleges interested in astronomy. Hundreds of thousands of cameras are being made ready for the day. But the fact that best illustrates the new era of education is that there is a sufficiently large number of people concerned in the study of the heavens to lead the railroad companies to advertise special trains and special rates for the great show, although it will last less than two minutes. But then we must remember that there will not be another eclipse of the same kind visible in this country for more than eighteen years, and thus it is well to make negatives while the sun does not shine.

For years our colleges were the centres of conservatism. Their curriculums as well as their theologies seemed immovable, but within the past decade new influences have obtained. The new college president is not a solemn theologian whose chief qualities are absent mindedness and the ability to preach congregations to sleep, but a live, progressive, energetic business man, who combines executive capacity with a satisfactory amount of learning, and who can raise the standards of the institution with the same enthusiasm as he raises cash to support it. Thus in the evolution of things the university and the college are bridging over the long summer vacation. Until recently, the church and the school, which we most need, were about the only things that were closed during the summer months. In the new order of things, the school is now ahead of the church; but give the church time and it will surely do its duty.

The Summer School

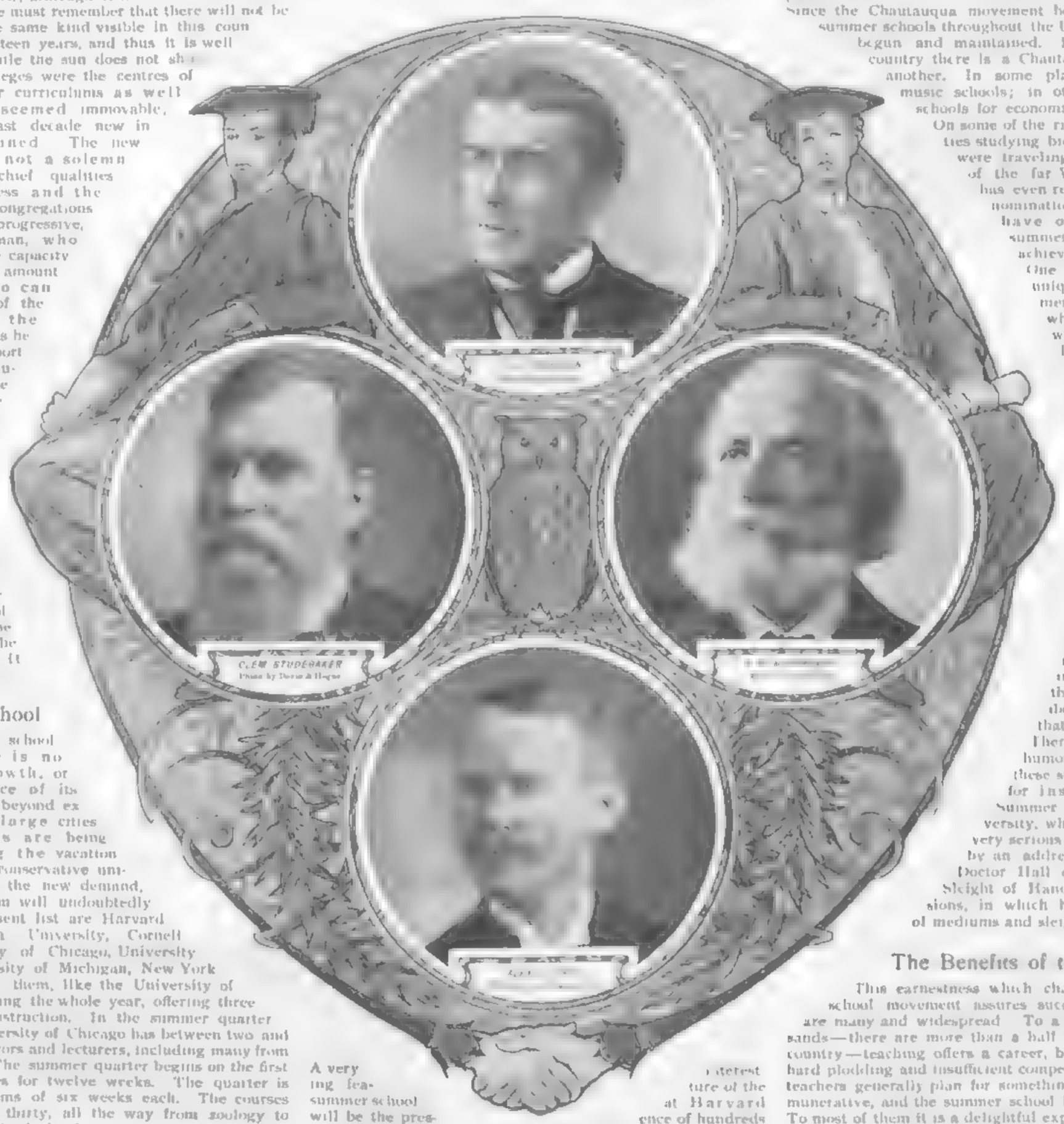
Hence the summer school movement. There is no doubt about its growth, or about the permanence of its stay. It has gone beyond experiment. In the large cities the public schools are being thrown open during the vacation days. Many of the conservative universities are meeting the new demand, and the rest of them will undoubtedly follow. On the present list are Harvard University, Columbia University, Cornell University, University of Chicago, University of Wisconsin, University of Michigan, New York University. Some of them, like the University of Chicago, continue during the whole year, offering three months of summer instruction. In the summer quarter for this year the University of Chicago has between two and three hundred instructors and lecturers, including many from other universities. The summer quarter begins on the first of July and continues for twelve weeks. The quarter is divided into two terms of six weeks each. The courses offered number over thirty, all the way from zoology to public speaking and physical culture.

Seeking Comfort as Well as Culture

Some of the colleges are not located where summer study would be particularly attractive. For instance, the University of Pennsylvania, of which Dr. C. C. Harrison is the Provost, is located in the midst of a great city where the summer heat drives people to the seashore and the mountains. The University of New York, of which Dr. H. M. MacCracken is Chancellor, being located high in the hills, the summer students are able to think of something more than the conditions of the atmosphere. Further North and throughout the Northwest colleges maintain their summer courses and attract thousands of students from all parts of the country. Cornell, 810 feet above sea level and overlooking beautiful Lake Cayuga, will have more than twenty courses this summer, including one of special interest called Nature Study—a course which is open to teachers in New York State free of charge. This is getting fun and education at the same time, for the students go out to catch bugs and pull up plants and get at the roots of things generally.

Four Shiploads of Cuban Teachers

One of the most successful summer schools of the country is at Harvard University. Many attend from all parts of the United States. This, indeed, is one of the blessings of the summer movement. It enables people, especially school teachers, to get advantages which they would never obtain otherwise. This year the Harvard summer school will have about sixty instructors, consisting of regular members of the Harvard teaching staff from the rank of professor down to that of an assistant.



A very interesting feature of the summer school at Harvard will be the presence of hundreds of school teachers from Cuba. American occupation has meant much in every way, but in no respect have the results been larger or more gratifying than in the prompt equipment and rapid advance of the educational facilities. A wide-awake American, Mr. Alexander E. Frye, was made superintendent of schools for the island. He went about his work with characteristic promptness and system, and the consequence was that in a few months the enrollment of pupils was many times the total under the Spanish régime. The time is coming when Cuba will have more than 200,000 pupils in the public schools. In the meanwhile it is necessary to educate the teachers, not only in English, but in the more advanced facts in education.

Thus it has come to pass that through Mr. Frye's energy the Government has consented to use four of the transports in carrying free 1450 of the school teachers of Cuba to Boston, where they will take the summer course at Harvard.

Summer Schools All Over the Country

The greatest summer school in the world is Chautauqua, and to it belongs a large part of the credit for the summer movement in education. Last year it had an enrollment of students that reached the astonishing total of 9202, and the probability is that this number will be largely increased this summer. In the list of instructors and lecturers are many of the familiar names in modern education. For instance, all these institutions are represented in the list: Yale, Clark, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Vanderbilt, Washington, Purdue, Bucknell, Chicago, Michigan, Missouri, California, the Western Reserve and the Northwestern.

The course continues for six weeks and includes a broad range of subjects. There are lectures, addresses, concerts, and a variety that will reach all classes and keep up the interest. The plan is to provide thoroughness on the side of instruction, and well-balanced and stimulated general public life on the side of recreation and popular education. Since the Chautauqua movement became successful other summer schools throughout the United States have been begun and maintained. In every State of the country there is a Chautauqua of one kind or another. In some places there are special music schools; in others there are special schools for economics and outdoor study. On some of the rivers and bays are parties studying biology. Last year there were traveling schools in the wilds of the far West. The movement has even reached the different denominations, and the Catholics have on Lake Champlain a summer school that has achieved excellent results. One summer school that is unique is that of the Summer School of Theology which runs through the warm weather months in Boston. There are over one hundred students. "The atmosphere of the audience," wrote an observer, "is mildly orthodox, not over critical, and intensely in earnest. The most liberal and scholarly interpretations produce the most applause, and there is no chill running down the conglomerated back when startling conclusions are announced," and the same writer called it the theological clearing house, and said that the most startling thing about the whole affair is that nothing was startling. There is a great deal of fine humor and entertainment in these summer meetings. Take, for instance, the Worcester Summer School at Clark University, where the speeches upon very serious topics are lightened up by an address by the very serious Doctor Hall on such a subject as Sleight of Hand and Kindred Diversions, in which he explains the tricks of mediums and sleight of hand performers.

The Benefits of the Summer Work

This earnestness which characterizes the summer school movement assures success. The advantages are many and widespread. To a few of the many thousands—there are more than a half million teachers in this country—teaching offers a career, but to the majority it is hard plodding and insufficient compensation. So the school teachers generally plan for something higher and more remunerative, and the summer school helps them to climb up. To most of them it is a delightful experience. The students get into a new atmosphere, make new friends, and when they have to go back to their work they carry not only a better equipment for their duties, but a stimulus which reaches all with whom they come in contact.

And when we get better school teachers we give an uplift to the whole country. Our politics especially are improved, for it is a matter of record that more good office holders graduate from school teaching than from any other calling. It furnishes us all kinds and abilities, from boodle aldermen to reform presidents.

It is thus in the nature of things that the summer school movement should prosper. Of course, the Government is now restricting its generosity to the teachers of its new possessions, but it might not be a bad idea for the counties to send some of their teachers every year to summer schools. This would do almost as much good as taking the public schools out of politics.

UPPER CLASSMEN WERE CONDUCTING THE MEETING AND SMOKING PIPES

"The Advantages of a College Education" A Princeton Story

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ROBERT J. ELLIOT, 2d, the son of the well-known Robert J. Elliot, came to college from a large prep school, suffering from enlargement of his Ego. It is a common disease, but usually they get over it in freshman year. At least they did in those days, though there were cases even then where serious relapses occurred. Elliot's symptoms were only aggravated by his freshman year—for the following reasons

The faction from his school wanted to nominate one of their crowd for a class officer at the first elections, held early in the term before the freshmen knew many of each other even by sight. Elliot had been running nearly everything at school, and though some of them were down upon him they put him up for treasurer or secretary or something, because they thought he would stand the best chance of election with the class at large. He thought it was because the crowd liked him best

He was elected; partly because he was known as the son of Robert Elliot—most freshmen have no personality at all—and partly because he had led some cheers during the rush with the sophomores the night before. He thought it was because they recognized in him "one born to command," as his doting old maid aunt had once said of him in his presence. So he mounted the platform, stood erect beside the class president just elected (the latter a football giant, very rattled), and was inspected by his classmates while congratulated by the patronizing upper classmen who were conducting the meeting and smoking pipes

He was pleasing to look at, older than some of them, and not afraid of a crowd. So the class approved and cheered him and pounded on the desks vigorously. He hearkened to the cheers with a reserved smile, and decided that his aunt was a good judge of human nature

Now, in those barbarous days, freshman class officers were always sought out for especial attentions by the entertainment committees from the sophomore class. Elliot was hazed in proportion to his importance. But this he took, like the printing of his name in two-inch capitals on the annual sophomore proclamation, as due a man of such consequence in the class commune. It did not affect his disease except to increase it

Again, at the regular class meeting, later—the first is only for temporary purposes—he ran for his class office once more and was reelected, as were the other officers, because there was nothing against him

At about the same time he was appointed manager of the freshman football team, and made a very good one. He was a capital organizer

In short, young Elliot became very important; secretary of his class, which was large, led cheers at class games, had a nodding acquaintance with a number of upper classmen, and was sought out by the toadying elements of his own class who liked to be seen with him at football practice. And all those who have been freshmen know how inspiringly important all this seems at the time. Those who have gone the rest of the way through college know also that too much freshman year prominence is quite likely to be more like weight than wings to an ambitious undergraduate

Elliot did not know it. He had his name put up for sophomore president, and was defeated because the class thought they had given him honors enough, and also because he had become accustomed to saying—by his manner, at least—"We prominent fellows," and was not especially cordial with all the obscure members of the class. This was not because he was a snob; it was because he did not know those fellows, and was too honest to pretend to be delighted to see them. But their votes count one each

Then he tried for a prize in Clio Hall, and—"Oh, well, I didn't work hard enough," he remarked later. Next he decided to become an editor of the Princetonian, and did not write enough. And in the spring of the sophomore year he ran for the treasurership of the University Football Association. This was considered a very great honor, the most prominent official position in the undergraduate world. Or rather, the presidency was, which the treasurer inherited in his senior year, according to precedent. Elliot banked everything upon it. Gaining this, he thought, would mean an election to a certain well known club which he wanted very much to make. He thought it would mean that; he never ascertained, because he was turned down hard—quite hard

Now, if he had realized that the reasons lay in himself and had said, "Maybe I am not born to command. Maybe God did not mould me of special clay in special design—all this might have made a man of him. But he did not.

He told himself that all friends were fickle, that there was no truth or honor in mankind, that clubs were hotbeds of snobbery, and that the treasurer of the P. U. F. B. A. was stuck on himself. None of the Elliots has any humor.

He became what was called a "Sour Ball." He objected to everything, from the food at his eating club in Witherspoon to the decision of the board of trustees in regard to entrance requirements; proclaimed that Princeton spirit was dead, that the whole college and athletics in particular were going to the bad, and that every one was arrogant from the President of the institution to the captain of the freshman lacrosse team. He talked thus at dinner, in Sunday night pow-wows, and on walks to Kingston. And yet he was not altogether a nuisance to his associates, who respected the ability by which he maintained his position with interesting and impressive arguments. Besides, he had an agreeable personality and was exceedingly obliging. He possessed something of charm, in fact

It was when he was in this frame of mind in his junior year that he joined the How How eating club, which had rather good meals and plenty of fun—all in one room of a house on Nassau Street. This was ages ago, before there were many of the modern large elective clubs with permanent homes and expensive pins to wear on the waistcoat. The How-How club—most of it had been one crowd ever since freshman year, and they liked one another well enough to stay together for the rest of their college course, as two or three of them had been obliged to inform the emissaries of a certain large permanent club. They represented a variety of phases of undergraduate activity. Most all of them amounted to something in some way

And each one had learned to take care of his temper at the table. This was necessary in order to have any peace or self respect. Three times a day keen, undergraduate repartee flew back and forth across that tablecloth. The man who could not sit up and defend himself was thrown down and trampled upon

The trouble with the club just now was that they were all too well acquainted. Each knew what the rest thought about all subjects and how each one would take everything, and how he would say it. They were very fond of one another, but they had been together so much that all the mystery of personality had been rubbed off, and they weren't old enough to appreciate what good friends they really were to each other

When they heard that Elliot wanted to come, they said "Why, yes, we've nothing against Bob." They needed a new element

Elliot thought he was rather favoring them in coming; they did not look at it in that way. They were under the impression that they were the best all 'round crowd in the class, and the only reason that he was allowed to cherish this newest delusion of his for some time was that they did not discover its existence at first

Then by and by Mason, one of those who had been at the same prep. school and knew him better than the others, began to perceive it and to show him so by a few little pleasantries

Elliot had been a big boy at school when Mason was a little boy at school, and Elliot had an idea that their mutual attitude was still relatively the same. So he continued to take what was said to him with an indulgent smile which meant, "Oh, I don't mind that from you, you know," until one day Mason said something which Elliot thought called for reproof; drawing himself up, he looked serious and said, "See here, I've had enough of that from you, Mason."

But this was not a tiny little prep. boy with an uncertain voice he was now addressing, but Mason of the junior class, who was getting a reputation in Whig Hall as a debater. "Oh, I don't believe so," he answered in a thoughtful manner. "I rather like it. In fact, I've been thinking it would be pleasant to have some fun with you.

"To tell you the truth, Bob," interrupted Downing with a good natured voice from the end of the table, "we're just beginning with you."

Elliot paid no heed to that. The fact that Mason, timid little Mason, dared answer thus to him, R. Elliot, who used to ignore Mason's existence, roused him like a blow on the nose, and he turned upon the little one to crush him with a single blow. "Children should be seen and not heard," he said in a loud tone which was intended for withering sarcasm. It did not wither.

"Really? Is that the best you can do?" said Mason raising his eyebrows. "Try again, and see if you can't manage to keep from getting so red in the face this time; it isn't becoming to 'one born to command.'" Mason was a distant cousin of Elliot.

Shut up, you little poler!" he retorted childishly.

"Your temper, I perceive"—Mason was buttering his potato and talking in an exasperatingly even tone—"is one of several things you have failed to command. A little poling"—which means hard study—"along that line might not hurt the pride and ambition of the family."

And Downing spoke up again. Downing was president of the class. "My young friend"—Elliot hated to be patronized by Downing—"we no longer consider it enormously witty to make remarks about polers as you did just now; that is an under classman trick. You ought to be over it by this time."

"Say, fellows," remarked Skinny Harrison, "what a lot he has got to learn. But don't feel discouraged, Bobbie, you'll forget all about it when you are a grown man, like papa. Cheer up.

Then as they saw that he was becoming angry the whole table began taking shots at him. It was their duty to teach him to control his temper. And this they accomplished, but not by the crude, elemental battering of this rather puerile beginning, but by the delicate rapier thrusts of dialogue the flashes and subtleties of which would be obscured by printer's ink

Thus began a new epoch in the life of R. Elliot, 2d. At school, and for a year or two in college, he had always been sought out as a personage of importance. At home, and wherever he went in summer, he had always been known as the son of Robert J. Elliot. He had never been mastered before. He had never acknowledged that any one was his equal in any respect and it amazed him, as when a child first learns there is no chance of getting the moon

He made a hard fight for it, but around that table were heads better for this sort of thing and tongues considerably nimbler than his would ever be. At last he acknowledged to himself that, possibly, after all, he was not unique. This is one of the advantages of a college education

They, his clubmates and friends, having turned Robert inside out and upside down, and rubbed him this way and that until they thought they had shown him his relative importance in the world, then turned their special attention to Skinny Harrison once more, who was getting lonely up there at the end of the table. They now considered Elliot one of themselves

Now, all that they had done was meant kindly. At least not unkindly, as any one ought to have seen. They liked him, for otherwise they would not have allowed him to stay there. They were merely giving him his share with the rest, and, perhaps, were rather generous toward him because they deemed that his need was greater.

"TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, BOB," INTERRUPTED DOWNING "WE'RE JUST BEGINNING WITH YOU"

No one knew that it was going in deep. If they had they would have let up as they always did with Skinny Harrison when his jaw dropped. Elliot had not once lost control of his temper again, answered back about as well as the average, and was the sort of fellow that looks eminently incapable of having his feelings hurt.

But he was a very serious person, like his father. He was taking the things said to him at the club seriously, carrying them each to the campus with him, and repeating them to himself in bed, feverishly, when he ought to have been asleep.

The others at the table caught it about as badly, sometimes worse, but he did not take that into consideration, for he was not thinking about the others. So he concluded that they all considered him a boot licker, a schemer, an utterly unscrupulous politician and a cad. What would be the object in talking as they did, unless they meant him to see a foundation of truth under it? he asked himself.

The worst of it was that when he stopped to consider carefully he did see a foundation of truth under some of it. But he did not stop there; that only set him going. He made up his mind to be quite honest with himself. He became still more serious. And in a short time he was wondering if there was any good in himself at all.

You see, for twenty years or so he had been a lively, energetic boy with a mind so occupied with external interests, as should be the case with all healthy young organisms, that he had never wasted time over introspection. When he got this attack of ingrowing thoughts he ran against a lot of stuff he had never dreamed of before, and it nearly took his breath away.

And, like many when they first realize some of the gray facts of reality at the bottom roots of living, he began looking for nothing but the gray ones, and, naturally, succeeded in his search. Then he turned, as one will in self-contemplation, for comparison with others, and began to wonder if they were not all wrong and built on selfish principles, too, and found that they were. He was all selfish, and they were all selfish, and everything ever done and said and thought in all the world was reducible to selfish motives, and similar schoolgirl morbidness. But Elliot thought he had stumbled upon an original discovery.

Making this discovery occupied the rest of his junior year. When he came back as a senior he took to strolling about the campus alone, with eyes open for self motives. "Those sophomores that shouted 'Thank you, please,' so loud for that ball which rolled near me," he would point out to himself, "do so to show these freshmen over here how familiar they could be with a senior." Just then a classmate nodded "Hello, Bob," in a friendly tone, and Elliot smiled knowingly, for senior elections were near at hand. For these and similar atrocities he hated mankind.

No one suspected him of being so miserable. They called him "Sour Ball," but thought he was merely disappointed at the way some things had turned out, or a little serious thinking over what "next year" means to a senior. He was treated like every one else by the fellows on the campus and at the clubs, any one of whom would have been glad to have Elliot put an arm about him and have it all out. But Elliot had never learned to do such things.

Now what he really needed, of course, to make him realize what a good thing was life in that little world, was about one month of hustling in the big outside world with a taste of earning the price of his meals in a down-town-to-work at nine-one hour for-lunch-eon-up-town-at six sort of life among people who did not care enough for him to say such nice things. This was to come a year later. But meanwhile, as he did not know enough to consult friends or books about his ailment, if he had merely spent a little of the time employed in telling himself how miserable he was, in going down to the university field an hour a day and chasing himself about the track until he dropped, then after a tingling shower bath followed by a hard whiskey rub-down, he would have sauntered up to the club, while the sun was gloriously dropping behind the elms, with his cheeks aglow, a ravenous appetite and a heart full of thanks to his God for having permitted him to live and be an undergraduate for another twenty-four hours. But you see the others would have thought he was trying for the Track Athletic team and guyed him about it, and he cringed before ridicule. Besides, the misanthrope enjoyed wallowing in the mire of his misanthropy as he always do. So he sat around in his room telling himself how miserable everything was until his digestion deserted him, and then he was really miserable.

The climax came about in a very natural way. He came down to the club for dinner one evening with a loathing for food and human nature. He tried some of the first for duty's sake, but for human nature he had no use, and he sat there with his chin on his shirt bosom and his legs stretched out under the table, telling himself how he hated them all. He had a notion to tell them so.

As it was, he went around the table mentally, addressing each one in turn. He did not have to look up. He knew where each one sat and just how each looked, and how Grafton chewed with his lips apart.

"Oh, you huge ass!" he breathed, as Downing began to differ with somebody and to show his reasons for it. "You self satisfied ass! You think because you won that debate last year that you're just about right, don't you? That's it! give them platitudes in a loud voice. They don't know the difference. It's all a game of bluff. Swell up your breast, stick out your chin; now smile! That's the way.

"And you, you poor little affected mannerism, next there. You absurd little fool with your ill fitting English clothes. I wonder if it ever occurs to you what a ridiculous little figure you make when you go to Philadelphia for Sunday and put your padded coat on your sloping shoulders—and with your cockney manners, too—and then talk about your relatives among the nobility. But you don't know any better. You think you're the real thing.

"And you, you great tub of self-indulgence! you childish clown! I suppose you really think that you are a wonderfully fine fellow because the whole college knows you and says 'Hello, Skinny,' to you. You think that because you're popular you amount to something. That's right, grin and chuckle and slap Rankin on the back. That's the way you get your popularity. You are called generous and kind. That's because you're big. But I wonder if you ever stopped to think of any one else's comfort when it stood in the way of your dinner or your cigar. There you go again, with your childish capers. You are truly pitiable."

—THEY ALL CAME—THE NOISY, HEALTHY, PICTURESQUE CROWD

At that point little Mason bethought himself to call Skinny down a peg, and did so sharply.

For a moment Elliot was glad; and then he thought, Why should that little fool think it his privilege to regulate this table? He has been told he is sarcastic, so he thinks he must live up to his part on all occasions. Anybody can curl up a lip and sneer; that's not very bright. He thinks he understands people's weaknesses and can pierce them every time. I wonder if it ever occurs to him that others see as much as he does. Look at him curling up his ugly mouth and glancing around the table to see which one to light upon."

"Great Scott! Elliot, don't talk so much. Give us a chance," Mason called out in a loud tone.

Elliot, who had not uttered a word for three meals, only smiled in a superior manner, murmured, "Don't excite yourself," and began to toy with his roast beef. He prided himself on being self-contained.

Then he took in the rest of the table in imaginary conversation; smiled contemptuously at the man who sang on the Glee Club and was good looking and knew it; ridiculed the Princetonian editor who wrote long worded, [illegible] sentences and complacently considered himself a moulder of public opinion; laughed at the man who thought himself literary and wrote about shimmering curls and moaning the moan of remorse in the Nassau Lit; he heaped satire upon the young man who was making up his mind to become a preacher; and so on around the dozen or so at the table, each one of whom had foibles, which, if examined to the exclusion of their virtues, were enough to make their possessors appear ridiculous and, possibly, hateful.

Without waiting for dessert, or even to fill his pipe, Elliot left the table, walked slowly up the street, through the campus, climbed the stairs to his room and locked the door.

When a man does not appear at the club at meal time the natural inference is that he is a guest at some other club; and if he misses several meals in succession, his friends suppose him to be out of town, and ask his room mate where he went, if he has one; if not, they wait until the absent member comes back and tell him to account for himself, if they think of it.

All day Friday Elliot's napkin remained cornucopia-shaped in the tumbler. This was the way Willis, the waiter, preferred fixing them. That evening some one said, "Where's Bob?" "Gone home over Sunday, I reckon," another replied. Then, as nobody changed the subject, Downing remarked, "Wonder what's the matter with Bob lately? He's so blamed morose. Notice him last evening?"

"Got a remorse sour on, likely," suggested Cute Rankin, who knew what that meant.

"I think it's a girl," said the Glee Club man.

"Anyway," spoke up Mason, "he ought to talk. There's no excuse for a man's being that way. Talk will help anything that worries, same as yelling in pain."

Meanwhile, way up in the top story of Witherspoon lay the Sour Ball, flat on his back with an attack of acute indigestion, hating everything, especially the hot rolls he had eaten the day before.

Ben, the black man, had gone after the doctor, who said the patient should not try to get up "for a day or two," and then went away again.

This was at about noon on Friday, after he had already been in bed a long period of darkness, made up of interminable waits for Old North clock to strike the next hour, and then an unbearable age of daylight during which he saw Ben clean up the room and heard the bell ring for each of the recitation hours, and speculated about the mail which was noisily dropped through the slot in the outer room.

In those days there was no Isabella McCosh Infirmary with sun baths and electric bells and trained nurses wearing clean, light blue dresses which rustle. When you fell ill in your room you stayed there. What you had to eat was brought by the waiter from the club—when he finished washing the dishes—in a basket with a napkin soaking in the soup. Your friends went for the doctor and nursed you until your health returned, or your relatives came, which was better.

But there were particular reasons why Elliot did not consider it worth while sending for things to eat. He breakfasted on cracked ice which Ben stole from the cooler downstairs. For luncheon he munched small bits of ice. He dined upon ice. And every two hours he took some foul white stuff that the doctor put in a tumbler on a trunk beside his watch, which latter moved very slowly these days.

At one time he began counting the half inch circles and the two-inch circles in the wall paper figure on the right hand side of the room. Toward twilight he had gained considerable proficiency, he counted twenty-three more in the last half hour than in the first. He kept account with a pencil on an envelope, both of which he fished out of his clothes on the trunk by the bed.

Presently it became too dark to count, but he could hear the bell ring for Hall and afterward strike the hours, which is somewhat interesting. Also he could bet with himself how soon the entry door down stairs would squeak and slam again. He tried to name the owner of each footstep as various fellows came running or walking up the clattering stairs. For some reason or other they nearly all whistled or sang this evening. After a while they stopped running up and down. His watch ticked noisily.

And it came to pass in the course of time that morning dawned once more, and he began to count again. He saved the bureau, where were photographs and cards and things, to feast on the next day. The room was small and he had to economize. This was only Saturday morning.

By and by Ben, the man, came up to fix the room again. "Good-morning, Ben," cried Elliot eagerly. It seemed to Elliot that Ben did his work in a rudely short time. He would not be back now for twenty four hours.

But the doctor would be along in the afternoon. To be sure! Only six or eight hours, and he would see the doctor! He became excited over it and counted his pulse beats.

After luncheon Skinny Harrison put on a sweater and his big tramping shoes to walk down to Lawrenceville and see his prep brother. Then he remembered that his essay was due two days before and thought the prep. could wait. In order to write good essays students should cultivate their styles. So he went to the library, took down an eighteenth century novelist, cocked his feet up on the window sill, and cultivated his style until he thought it would do.

On the way to his room he met Dave Haskell who charged upon him at full speed and leaped upon his shoulders. "Let's take a walk, say out to the battlefield and up Stony Brook and across to Cedar Grove," said Haskell.

"Wait at the corner of Reunion while I put away these books," said Harrison. "It's impossible to force the muse."

As he was hurrying toward Witherspoon, whistling, he met the doctor coming out and asked who was ill. The doctor said Elliot, and the one with the books under his arm very naturally went up the four flights of stairs to see what was the matter. He ran in without knocking.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't crawl off and hide yourself in your foul-odored roost and not let any one know you're laid up," said Skinny, who now panted. This was vernacular for "I am surprised to learn that you are ill and confined to your room, and regret that you have not acquainted me with the fact."

The misanthrope had heard the heavy footsteps coming nearer and nearer and thought he recognized them, but he

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The Shortening of the College Course

WITHIN a very few years the stages of education have become pretty sharply differentiated. The term "education," as we are now using it, means that portion of training for life which may be accomplished in the schools, beginning with the elementary grades and ending with the university. Primary, secondary, college, graduate or professional or university study—these are the four well defined steps. It is now generally agreed that, if time and money permit, not one of these steps ought to be omitted. The need of the best primary training has never been questioned. Its importance was never more distinctly felt than now. No less clearly is it seen that secondary education, represented by the high school and the academy, must be well organized, thorough and efficient. The very highest expert judgment and skill have, for many years, been spent upon problems of secondary education. And, as to the fourth stage, almost within the latter half of the period of the present generation, new and tremendous emphasis has been laid upon the importance of special, advanced, professional or technical training—graduate study of some sort—as a prerequisite for any high degree of success in the professions or the arts.

At first it seemed that this demand for special training would lead students to pass directly from secondary to special study. Indeed that tendency is even now strongly operative, especially in the Middle West. But wise men, desiring that sort of practical result from education which consists in the highest efficiency of the man, have seen that this leap from secondary to special study—that is, from the high school to the professional school—carries the student over into a realm for which he is not yet fully prepared; that he is not yet mature enough, not sufficiently alert and disciplined, that he has not yet sufficient command of his own faculties, to concentrate his activity upon some special subject to the greatest advantage, and that, in many cases, he is not yet even able to choose wisely his special path in life. It is seen that, before special study is taken up, there is need of a more complete development of the student's individuality and personal power, and a fuller revelation of the student to himself. The university is not content with the product of the secondary schools. It demands the finished product of the college as the raw material out of which to make a scholar or a professional expert.

Thus it has come to pass that, by the very development of the universities with their specialized schools, new emphasis is laid upon the third, or college, stage of education. The best schools of law, medicine, theology and pedagogy are demanding that the student bring his college diploma when he seeks admittance. Meanwhile the courses of the secondary schools have been enormously enriched. The best high schools and academies now carry the student beyond the point reached by the freshman in college not many years ago. The young man, emerging from this prolonged and excellent training, and beginning to assume a definite attitude toward things intellectual and spiritual, is very apt to ask why he should not at once begin specific preparation for his life work. The fact that he does not yet know himself well enough to choose his life work does not always diminish the eagerness with which he asks the question. Yet custom and association save him from a wrong answer, and he is carried by the current about him into college, impatient, nevertheless, at the prospect of four years more of "general discipline." That most men, long before they complete their four years' course, find their doubts fully removed by what the college does for them, not only by its courses and classrooms, but even more, perhaps, by its social and organic life, is no doubt true. But the impatience still remains. Life calls loudly for young men, but will have none but the fittest. And so the problem becomes more and more pressing, how we can condense this period of preparation and yet secure all that life demands as a prerequisite for its high places.

It is beyond doubt that the condensation is to be made. It is already making. Between the enriched secondary course on the one hand, and the imperatively demanded university or graduate training on the other, the college course will be squeezed into three years. For young men not destined for professional life, intending to pass at once to business, yet desiring the liberal culture of college, the four years' course will, no doubt, be retained, with enriched courses in history, literature and philosophy.

How this readjustment is best to be accomplished does not yet fully appear. Yet beginnings have been made. In some cases it is sought by the college allowing a man who has completed his junior year to pass thence to the professional school, and conferring upon him the bachelor's degree at the end of his first year of professional study. Others would have the college so arrange its senior year that the professional schools will accept that year as the first of the three years of training for the profession. The way is not yet well-defined, but the best way will be found, not so much by theorizing as by actual and repeated experiment. Gradually, and almost before we know it, the change will have been made, and we shall thereby all be gainers. For, with the saving of one year of time and cost, we shall have more men preparing for college, and hence more men in college, and hence a larger number of well-trained men in the professional schools, and, again hence, better trained men in the professions.

—NATHANIEL BUTLER.

It is true that the race is not always to the swift, but it will be observed that the American generally wins.

Are We a Country Without a Name?

WHEN Professor Freeman was in this country he was kind enough to regret that our nation had no single proper name by which to designate it, such as his own was favored with. As the official and proper name of his country is The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, it was not so evident that he had much advantage over us. It is true that he and others are in the habit of calling their country England, but that name became obsolete on the first of May, 1707, when England and Scotland agreed to unite as Great Britain. And to this day the Scotch are justly annoyed by the practice of attaching to the whole island the name of its larger portion. Within a few years past they addressed a remonstrance to the Queen, complaining that even her Ministers spoke of the country as England, as though Scotland counted for nothing in its make-up. And even Great Britain became obsolete as a proper and official name in 1801, when Ireland agreed—or at least her Parliament was bought into agreeing—that the two countries should unite as Great Britain and Ireland.

So careful and accurate a person as Mr. Freeman should have been incapable of the blunder of mistaking a popular and quite inaccurate name for his country as its real designation. And he should have looked a little closer into the facts before asserting that we have no one-worded proper name for ours. It is quite true that, in spite of the example and precept of Washington, the habit arose of suppressing the proper name of our country and calling it by a two-worded term, which designates the character of its government as a federal system. This was in the days when the political leaders of America were insisting on States' Rights at the expense of national unity. They claimed proper names for their several commonwealths, but refused any to their common country. They called it the United States, with entire indifference to the fact that that is not the name of our country any more than it is of Mexico, or Colombia, or Venezuela, or Brazil, all of which are officially called "united states" in Spanish or Portuguese. The practice of using this improper designation is really a survival from the time when it was a political offense to speak of our body politic as a nation, in spite of Washington's example in using that term. Now that we have reached the point at which all people in all places talk of it as a nation, it surely is time to revert to the example set by Washington, and to call ourselves Americans, and our country America.

It is true that there is some danger of confusion in the use of a proper name which is used also of the continent. But the confusion is by no means confined to America. There is a province of Asia, as well as a continent of that name. There was a Roman province of Africa before the term was applied to the whole continent. And these local names are still in use with historians and geographers, to the risk of some confusion. On the other hand, America and Americans are terms of national limitation in the use of our neighbors already. The Canadian may call himself a North American, but never an American. He keeps that name for his neighbors to the South. A Mexican has but one sense for the word Americano, by which he designates the man from across the Rio Grande. So, throughout the whole continent, we are the Americans and our country is America in the usage of every people of the Western world. Only among ourselves, and as an inheritance from our period of Colonial politics, is there any hesitation in the matter. And as we have far more than the population of all the rest of the continent, to say nothing of wealth and power and other elements of national weight, the name is not unfit.

The Father of his Country may fairly claim the same right as other fathers in naming the child. In his Farewell Address he seems to have anticipated some such confusion, and he lays stress on the national name as a bond of union. "The name American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the pride of patriotism," he says, "more than any appellation derived from local distinctions." What was definite enough and accurate enough for him, should do for us.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

A city that gets its public schools and police force out of politics can afford to let the other reforms take their time.

The Mischief of Bogus Science

AMUSING remedies—medical, religious, social and moral—are proposed by people who seem to have no other employment than to invent them, and their implicit acceptance by others would be amusing if it were not saddening. Yet there is a beautiful phase in this trust: it shows that the masses of humanity are unspoiled and believing, and that when one speaks with seeming authority they will take his words for truth.

The queer things that alleged scientists write for some of the country journals and the scare columns of the cheaper dailies must be a constant refreshment to real scientists. Here is a man who will have us to sleep with our heads to the north—or is it our feet?—because "the magnetic currents thus pass through us readily." Now, who said that magnetic currents passed through us, or that it made any difference to us whether they passed lengthwise or across? Yet some people turn their beds north and south, possibly arguing that they have iron enough in their blood to be affected by the force that turns the needle poleward, and imagining that sleep depends on the greater or less resistance they offer to it.

And here comes a man who will not allow you to read on a train. To read on a shaking street car is not commended, certainly, and there are better places for a book than a train, yet our best lines have such level roadbeds and such well-balanced rolling stock that the jolting is reduced to a minimum, and the reading of light literature, in large type, may be less wearing than the monotony induced by not reading. This prohibition would not be so bad were it not that the same objector will not allow us to look out the window nor at the people in the car. "How few know enough to look straight ahead, not at people, and not out of the windows," he says.

There is a fear of certain insects. The beautiful, helpful, harmless dragon fly creates a panic. The deadly spider is a common offender in the agony column. She is constantly fanging some unhappy creature in a remote village and causing death or struggles. Generally the article leaves the victim struggling, and the failure of the telegraph to bring further information leaves us in a dreadful doubt as to what happened after. Now, the spider in temperate regions is nearly always harmless. Its bite is not so troublesome as that of a flea. There is but one species—a small, red-marked variety—that has poison enough in its sac to cause a sore, and its effect depends on the condition of the patient, just as any irritation, such as a cut or bruise, is more troublesome when one is in poor health than at other times. If to such trifles as these we add the fears roused in the superstitious by meeting a cross-eyed person, or seeing the moon over the wrong shoulder, we can estimate the vastness of that unnecessary suffering which has been imposed on the human race by its inventive or imaginative members. One belief holds until a fact disproves it, and the world to-day is eager for facts. Any truth that shall do away with a fear or a restraint deserves publication in all quarters of the earth. It should be taught at home and in the school. Under the influence of a falsehood no man can be free.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER

Sometimes life seems to be one long multiplication of ills and bills.

Looking at Both Sides of the Ledger

WE HAVE the word of several eminent expansionists that we shall receive back many fold every dollar that we have expended in the war with the Filipinos and that all of our new possessions will repay in trade—which is cash—the hundreds of millions which they have cost. It is not this that impresses us so much as the fact that in the Philippines alone over four thousand American soldiers have been killed, wounded or invalided. This is a part of the expenditure which finds its way into no account books, but which leaves sorrowful records in homes and hearts.

But viewed as a financial transaction expansion is going to cost us a pretty penny for many years to come. We hear a great deal from Washington about the necessity of the new officers in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines keeping up fine establishments and doing much entertaining in order to impress the natives with the dignity and generosity of the United States. It is a part of the game. Great Britain does it, and Great Britain has achieved more success in the colonization business than any nation in the history of the world. Some of the anti-expansionists in Congress have been objecting to allowing officers expense accounts that amounted to several times their salaries. But all that, of course, is ridiculous. Style has to be paid for. Food costs money, even in the tropics. Servants want their wages just as they do in other places. It will not be possible to limit these things—in fact, much as the taxpayers may complain about the returns from expansion, they may as well be prepared to pay out more as time goes on. Just when the profits will begin is one of those remote dates to be found in the prophecies of statesmanship.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

At the English Capital

HERE'S a story told at the expense of Sir Redvers Buller, V. C It is going the rounds of the clubs in London just now. Lord Wolseley, Commander in chief of the British Army, was sitting in the Army and Navy Club the other afternoon when in dropped a retired Colonel who in his day was a famous wit in the Royal Enniskillen Fusiliers, and who, though old, still keeps up his fame as a humorist After saluting the Field Marshal the two entered into a discussion on the war. Buller's name came up and the way the V. C. man had been held up at every turn was mentioned when the Enniskillen Colonel said: "It strikes me that the General was wrongly named at the very offgo. He should never have been called Buller at all; he should have been Piger"

"How do you make that out?" inquired Lord Wolseley

"Shure," said the Irishman, "he's always getting shtuck"

The Duke of Buckingham's Good Memory

Some years ago the London press received invitations in the name of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos to a breakfast to be given in honor of the opening of a national exhibition at Earls Court. The hour set was 10:30 A. M.—an unearthly early hour for a London newspaper man to turn out. However, the event was of some importance and the reporters appeared. The earliest arrival happened to be a newspaper man who had practically a corner in reporting fashionable weddings Finding himself very early, he strolled through the buildings, and seeing a bluff, hearty-looking man, evidently a master-builder, standing smoking a pipe, the reporter stepped up to him and asked a few questions. The man answered willingly enough and the two made a tour of the exhibition Presently the reporter said to his guide:

"I suppose the old Duke won't be such a fool as to turn up at this ghastly hour?"

"I understand he has promised to come," said the man, and shortly after the two parted. It was quite an informal breakfast and the reporter noticed that his master builder had been invited At the finish there was a pause which ended by the master of ceremonies rapping on the table and bawling out: "Gentlemen, pray, silence for His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos." At once the reporter's master-builder got himself on his feet, and before beginning to speak he winked a huge wink at the press man

The Duke is a splendid specimen of the old fashioned English squire of the sort Washington Irving loved. Burly, bluff, good-natured, humorous, he never forgets a face. After the days of the exhibition, years passed, and the Duke, well on in life, was to be married. The reporter, on the day before that set for the wedding, visited the house of the bride to get a list of the magnificent wedding presents. When engaged in writing this out in slipped the Duke and, after saying "good-morning," gazed intently at the press man Presently the Duke's face relaxed into a grin. "You see the old fool is to turn up again," he said

Our First International Marriage

Some people are given to thinking that the Englishman's predilection for the American girl is a recently developed passion. Such is by no means the case. If American visitors should care to see a portrait in oils of one of the very first American girls to catch an Englishman of position let them journey to Booton Hall in the County of Norfolk, the hall that was in former days the seat of the Rolfe family. In this hall hangs a portrait by De Passe of a handsome young woman, with high cheekbones, and a complexion splendidly swarthy. Around this portrait are the words, *Matoaka Rebecka, filia potentis Principe Powhatani Imp Virginiæ*, and on a space below the portrait are these words, "Matoaka, alias Rebecka, daughter of the mighty Prince Powhatani, Emperor of Attanough Komouck of Virginia; a Christian convert, and married to the Worshipfull Mr. Thomas Rolff. Aged 21. 1616." This portrait of the far famed Princess Pocahontas was painted but a few weeks before she died on board a ship about to sail for America. She was buried in the parish church of Gravesend, at the mouth of the river Thames, and to this day the curious can see the following entry in the parish register: "1616 March 21. Rebecca Wrolfe, wife of Thomas Wrolfe, gent. a Virginia lady born, was buried here in the chauncell" Unfortunately the original edifice was burnt down a century ago, otherwise Americans could now look upon the tomb of the first American girl who took an English husband.

Debatable Evidence for the Purists

No doubt a majority of literary men and women in the United States have heard of the fierce discussion among literary and unliterary people here in England over the question whether long and general usage of "It is me" in place of "It is I" does not now justify the use of the first form of the sentence. I am not going to attempt to switch the discussion from London to America, but merely wish to give you Mr. Morley Roberts opinions which are decidedly in favor of "It is I," and for a peculiar reason Morley Roberts, as every one knows, spends most of his time kicking around the world, and wherever the fretful waves of civilization beat upon the rugged shore of savagedom there the story-writer paddles in the waters. When in London he spends much time among the vast docks of the East End, gazing upon ships coming from and departing for every out of the way part of this little earth. Mr. Roberts holds with "It is I" because, he says, he heard that form of the sentence used by an East End tough down on the docks. Two cockney ruffians were talking together, one telling the other of a "slugging match" he got into. The fighter was speaking of the discussion with his late antagonist which had led up to the fight. "At that 'e ups and 'e says to me, slap out, 'You lie!'"

"And w'at did you do, Bill?" asked his fellow

"W'at did I do?—'it 'is eye, o' course."

Morley Roberts will now use no other form of the sentence

Mark Twain has been living quietly in England for some time now, and were it not that he appeared to give evidence before a royal commission on the question of copyright, scarcely a soul outside his private and particular friends would have known he was here at all. The other evening he was dining at the house of a friend, and seated next to him was an American who had only that day reached England. They were, of course, talking war, and the newcomer, wishing to know the feeling in England in the matter of the future of the Transvaal, asked Mark Twain how he found public sentiment in England regarding the independence of the republics

"Well," said the genial humorist, "I find the English are paraphrasing a part of the burial service They are all quietly repeating, 'Mr. Gladstone giveth and the Lord Salisbury hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord'"

Aurora, the Goddess of the Hills

Not so very long ago the most striking figure in the House of Commons was Lord Arthur Hill The Hills are now an Irish family, but once on a time they were English, they having quitted the shores of the "predominating partner" about the time of Cromwell, I believe. Lord Arthur Hill is a man of commanding presence, in figure well over six feet, of grand, square shoulders and handsome, open countenance. He is one of those men who not only attract the attention of women, but of men as well. When his lordship occupied a seat in the House of Commons he was always put forward on occasions of ceremony and display, and he invariably carried himself with dignity, courtesy and geniality. The first time that Lieutenant Commander Colwell, the naval attaché at the United States Embassy, clapped eyes on Lord Arthur was at a private dinner-table. Colwell was seated next to a rather sprightly young English lady and, struck by the appearance of the stalwart lord, he asked who Lord Arthur was The lady told the American all about Lord Arthur, ending up with the fact that he held the position of Comptroller of the Queen's Household, which, as she explained, is a lucrative appointment, the cost of which is, to all intents and purposes, borne by the country "Our country," she added, "most certainly has been 'smiling morn' to him."

"Smiling morn?" queried Colwell "I do not understand the reference"

"Why, you know," replied his fair neighbor, "it tips the Hills with gold" —E. W. SAMEL.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post

Young men who are seeking instruction on the vital subject of how to succeed in life should turn to the Proverbs of Solomon. I confess, though, that I, being a woman, cringe when I read the prophecy of King Lemuel's mother, contained in the thirty-first chapter. Think of sitting up at night, spinning while Lemuel sits in the gates (club or lodge) Nevertheless, if the Proverbs of Solomon were studied and put into actual practice, we should have happy homes and successful lives.

Read carefully and you will find that Solomon constantly admonishes a young man to be industrious, virtuous and godly, and to marry an industrious, virtuous and godly woman. Could a career be aught but successful with this foundation? E

West Collingswood, New Jersey.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I am still a young man and am called an expert accountant by those familiar with my work. I have, like a great many young men, worked long hours for an unappreciative employer; so I know how it feels to work for ten dollars a week when I knew I was worth twenty dollars. I, like others, have tasted despair and been nearly sick by burning the candle at both ends in my ambition to get ahead in the world; so I think I am in a position to sympathize with my brother bookkeepers and to give them the benefit of my experience.

In the first place, I should invite every young man to read Emerson's essay on Compensation earnestly and critically. It will tell him that compensation is a natural law which follows him from the cradle to the grave and from which he cannot escape, and if he is wise he will not care to. He will learn that for every hour he labors he will be fairly paid sooner or later, and that the longer the reward is withheld the greater it finally becomes. It accumulates like compound interest and can never become outlawed. Ask any successful man regarding the truth of the above. I will risk his answer. So do not think your employer can finally cheat you. Time will pay you back

Who, may I ask, are to be the leaders twenty-five years hence when those now on the top round shall have passed away? There will be more places of responsibility to be filled then than at present. Who will fill them? It will be the young men who are now working conscientously and doing all they can to forward the interests of their employers, and at the same time to build up a noble character. Let us not then be impatient for a quick success, remembering that he arrives none the less surely who gets there by a slow train. Personally I do not measure success by money, though not despising the latter. There are no low positions in life—all are important, and the man who can do the work he is asked to do and do it perfectly is a success, I care not what his salary may be.

So be not discouraged. Cultivate patience as well as perseverance Love your work and do it perfectly, and the reward will come of natural law will cease to exist. ACCOUNTANT.

Auburndale, Massachusetts

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have read the articles regarding the way for a young man to succeed which have appeared in the Post from time to time, and being in a position where I have an eye to the welfare of about five hundred boys, they have interested me greatly. I believe that there is something to be said in behalf of both employer and employee, it having been my fortune to occupy both positions, thus gaining a knowledge of both interests

The chief error made by the average employer is that he looks upon his help as mere machines which have a stated amount of labor to perform in a given time. He fails to realize that his employees are men and that the man who can turn off the most work in a day is not always the best man to employ. The employee, on the other hand too often regards his employer as a bank from which at the end of the week he is privileged to draw a certain amount of money as a compensation for labor he very likely has neglected to perform. This sad state of affairs has in most cases been brought about by the employee, who in his wild search for what is known as a "soft snap," has failed to perform conscientiously the many disagreeable duties which invariably attend upward progress.

It is impossible to write a set of rules which would apply to all young men alike. A group of boys go to work much as they go in swimming Some strike right out, determined from the beginning to succeed. Others go in a little way, then retrace their steps, in this way they cover much ground but never progress. Others simply sit down and let the tide come up to and finally surround them, trusting to luck that they will float. These represent the drones which may be found in every walk in life. Still another class have to be thrown overboard and made to

There are two rules which, if followed rigidly, will help any boy to succeed: the first, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you;" the second, Be a gentleman.

Boston, Massachusetts. FRANCIS EVERETT FRANSON

Editor Saturday Evening Post

"Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again

With this divine command of the Holy Son of God ringing in his ears, how can any man presume to say whether his brother man has owed a successful life or not? He may accumulate his pile of filthy lucre, but money, thank God, is not the only thing in this world, or the next, either. Some of the rankest failures this old Earth has ever seen have been millionaires. If money were the only thing that we had to live for some of us would be poor indeed, and life, I think, would hardly be worth living. Yet how many we see around us every day that seem to make the Almighty Dollar the one end of their existence. Idolatry is as prevalent to-day as it ever was. The worshipers of gold and silver (in the shape of dollars) are as numerous as they ever were, and they seem to be increasing at a rapid rate

Do not think for a moment that I am a pessimist, for there is none more optimistic than I am, yet these are facts and we must take account of them. S. H.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

The Education of a Woman of Fashion

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

THIS is the age and country of the young and elders who look on are sometimes tempted to wonder whether the immense variety and complexity of the methods used in the present process of developing a generation to succeed ours will produce higher results than we are able to show. In no direction is original effort more liberally expended than in the education of young girls. I pass over the question, so pregnant with interest, as to whether the future wife and mother of the average American wage-winner—she who will have been graduated from the common schools of our great cities—will be a better and a happier woman for all the higher culture bestowed upon her through the generosity of our taxpayers. Observation of the "career" of several young girls thus launched upon the troublous sea of womanhood has not, so far, warranted an indorsement without qualification of what certainly appeals to the imagination as a noble and beautiful idea. And yet who would venture in these days to close any door opening out of the humdrum, the commonplace, the old fashioned routine of woman's life?

It is with the education of the girl of the wealthy leisure class which is supposed to illustrate to the world the highest fruition of American civilization that I propose to deal lightly, of necessity—and from the standpoint of a looker on, not of an educator

Old and New Educational Methods

From her cradle, the question of how to train, and for what to train the daughter agitates the parental mind. In old days the affair was simple enough. The governess and the finishing school, the début in society at eighteen, followed (or not) by speedy marriage. Her destiny was achieved Now she has the kindergarten, visiting masters, athletics and physical culture, private classes at the house of some lady who assembles with her own child the children of her friends, thus insuring exclusiveness; and so on, till the young lady considers herself fitted to demand, if she so desires, a course of higher education in any one of the several forms in which it is procurable The vital question of marriage and the old time natural object of counting upon a permanent companion, protector, defender and friend in the guise of a husband are now quite secondary considerations. Our modern, highly cultured maiden not infrequently looks about her for a wage-earning business or profession, or, more often, settles into the pursuance of an endless round of luxurious pleasures, and between these two stools the idea of a husband is likely to fall to the ground

For ages, wise men have discussed the best method of educating man. What wonder that the same problem, as applied to women, should be still unsolved?

In this epoch of experiment in modes of mental discipline for the young, the child of a well to-do family has, from the beginning, no sense of grind or boredom at her work They have gone out of vogue, along with the birch and the hornbook, the dunce-cap and the stool of penitence. Her kindergarten experience is made so charming and enticing that the little scholar is wooed, without knowing it, along a primrose path to drink at the fount of human experience; to adapt the great doings of history to her baby comprehension, and, beyond all, to acquire the self-control that gives enduring happiness. I am firmly convinced that these blessed training schools for the very young idea have done more than anything else to make our children companionable with their parents, and, from an outside point of view, to remove from us the national reproach of the typical American child, which bogie is fast vanishing into the realm of all evil spirits.

The little person who, in her own nursery, might have continued to be self-assertive, [illegible] from a good kindergarten quiet, modest, appreciative of [illegible] adaptable. Lucky the father and mother to whom Froebel's educational ideal for children has become reality!

Homely Precepts that Must Never Undergo Change

Not for a moment, however, may this class work of the child do away with the indispensable home training that should go hand in hand with it, nor can the best equipped, most successful most brilliant of teachers convey to a youthful listener those immortal lessons learned only at a mother's knee—the dear, homely precepts that are to accompany her through life, to be transmitted by her, in all reverence, to her own children, to haunt her brain and guide her movements in many a difficult situation of her adult career, finally, perchance, to ring with quaint pathos in her dying ear, deaf to appeals from thoughts of later days!

Whatever the method adopted for the little girl's training at this important time although when is a girl's training *not* of supreme importance?—the mother should be the comrade, *par excellence*, the arbiter, the confidante, the teacher of lessons no school can teach. In the present advanced and general condition of knowledge on the subject of school instruction, it were needless to suggest more than that each child should be given whatever form of it her health and individual peculiarities demand. But, wherever possible, an American girl ought to have some experience of school life. It is not only what her mind will gain from the contact with other minds—flint striking steel to bring forth a spark divine—but, as a corrective equally of self distrust and self conceit, school is invaluable. What can be better in formative effect than the lesson

—she has been nurtured with exquisite care

there acquired promptly and convincingly that she is what she makes herself?

It is at this time of early maidenhood, before the bud has uncurled its petals and while yet the nursery dews are lingering upon her, that the young girl of this order of society, depending so largely upon externals, is seen at her best. From the time of birth she has been nurtured with exquisite care and forethought. Her very simplicity of manner is the result of continued training and repression of the ruder instincts of the growing animal. Her politeness when spoken to by strangers, her blushes, her low pitched voice, her little curtsy when greeting her elders and superiors, her unadorned dress, all represent high art in her bringing up Mentally and bodily she has been guided, restrained or stimulated by the combined forces of parental devotion, easy circumstance and command of the best skill

Setting Up False Standards of Gentility

Then, alas, begins a species of decadence. Too often it is the immediate result of the training for society, considered needful by all modern mothers of her kind. The evening parties, dancing classes and luncheons, followed by theatre or opera matinées, are mere imitations in miniature of similar diversions among adults. In an astonishingly short time these children of twelve to fifteen acquire the whims, customs, habit of criticism and affectations of a society not like themselves blessed with early training.

At school and at dancing class they set up false standards of gentility, based in chief upon what one girl's family is able to afford to give her, and another girl's family chooses to withhold or cannot compass. Poverty or small means is an insuperable bar to admission into their set. Not infrequently, to their shame be it said, these mothers who have endowed their young daughters with all the good gifts of education and training, instruct them specifically to cultivate at school only such wealthy or stylish girls as they will be apt to "want to know" after leaving it

Model Exponents of the Best Modern Culture

I have been told by a refined and well-bred teacher at a fashionable day-school in New York that her daily bread was embittered through earning it in the service of some of these pretentious little snobs. She reported that their conversation, when off duty with lessons, was a rehash of cheap gossip, and worse, concerning what they had overheard of "society" at home; and that their aim, upon leaving school, was entirely directed toward active participance in dinners, calls and evenings at the opera in a certain set, while remonstrance on her part was met by chill stares of contempt and assumed superiority. Here, surely, is opportunity for education by mothers; a missionary field of the widest, beside which philanthropic effort and charities abroad dwindle to insignificance.

Another teacher tells me that her efforts with her pupils are continually thwarted by the mother's eagerness to give her girl pleasures that will prepare her for society. The excuse is that in a year or two the young lady will be expected to shine in a very exclusive social coterie and that she must be trained to occupy her designated place!

A pleasant contrast to this egregious folly is the fact that many young women conspicuous in society have carried on their efforts at self culture long after quitting the schoolroom. I know a number of girls belonging to the best circles who habitually devote themselves to reading and criticism of books, out-door studies, work in college settlements, kindergartening and supervising cooking classes among the poor, visiting in hospitals and tenement houses, helping to maintain day nurseries and summer homes for poor children, and entertaining clubs of working girls, in addition to each carrying out whatever bent for art may individually possess her. Some have obtained the distinction of college degrees; others have painted good pictures, modeled creditable busts, written clever stories and poems. One young lady has achieved success as a landscape gardener. If they were a little more restful in general effect, a little softer of speech and more sympathetic in manner, I should think these accomplished daughters of high society in New York model exponents of the best American culture. But the strain of accomplishing so much that makes them shine in the eyes of lookers on robs them of a little something the old fashioned girl used to possess—a something that, for want of a better [illegible], we may call "charm."

When one thinks, however, of the limited possibilities for the achievement of aid to her generation in the power of that old fashioned girl, of her pallid occupations and paltry accomplishments, the new workers in the new field seem rich in privilege. In these

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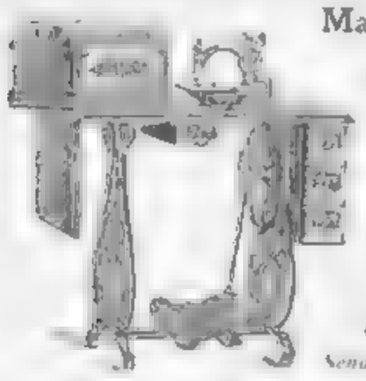

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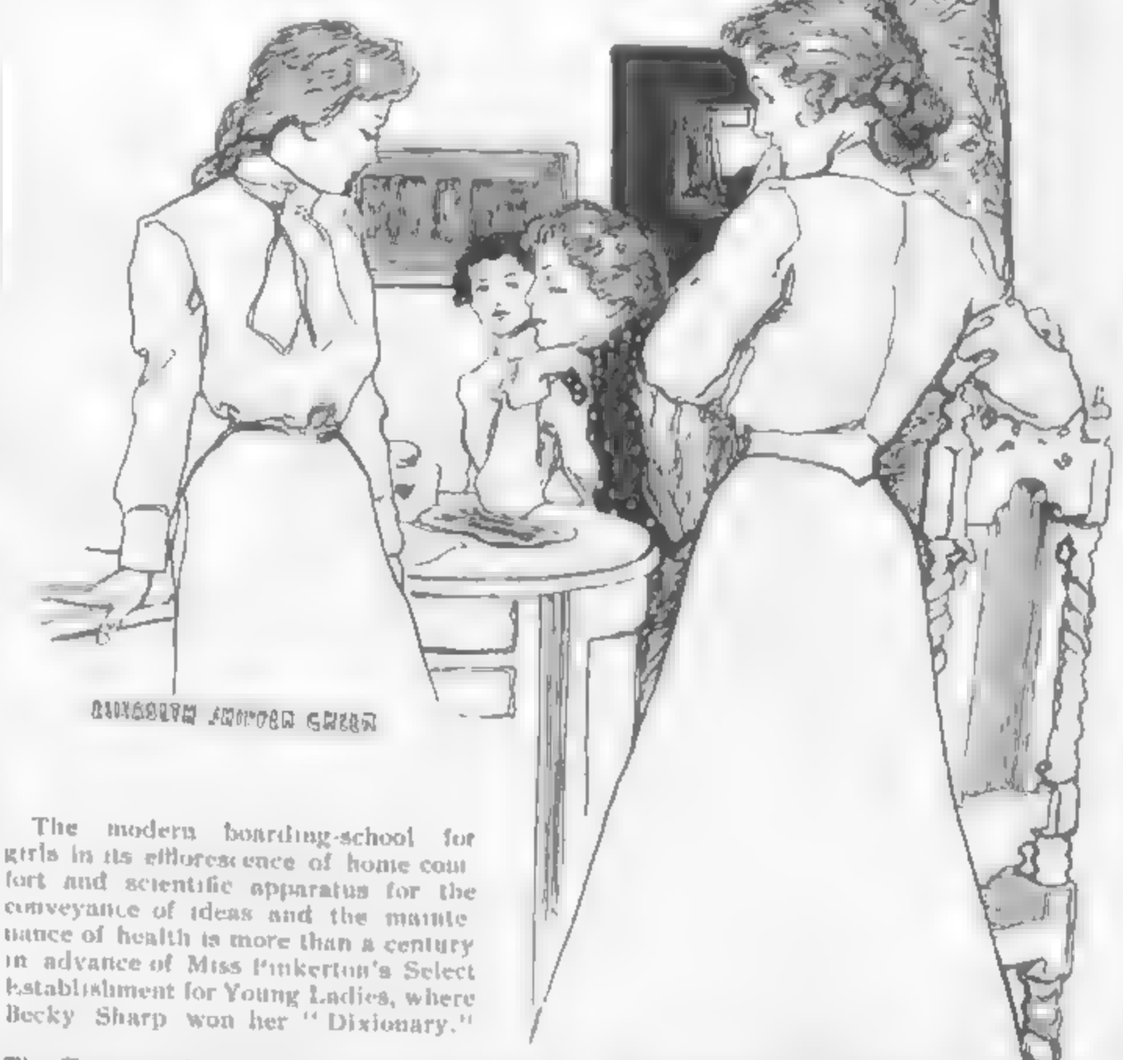
matters, as in all concerning women, it must be the environment, means and responsibilities that determine the wisdom and fitness of a girl carrying her labors away from home.

Private Classes, Boarding and Day Schools The question of boarding school as opposed to day school is, of course, hardly considered in the life of our large cities. Unless domestic reasons make it desirable to exile the daughter from the home circle for a time, she is generally sent to one of the admirably equipped day-schools, some of which, in New York especially, leave no room for criticism of their methods and surroundings. The principals — always women of enlightened intelligence, strength of purpose and refinement, or such schools would cease to be — are continually alert to catch the note of the times to apply new ideas to the machinery of their institutions. The rivals to these shrines of education for home-staying pupils are the private classes before mentioned. This method is considered by its patrons to strike the golden mean between the old and exploded governess system at home, and the risk of undesirable contact in a large school. That it is open to the reproach of "exclusiveness" and "chicishness" does not appear to detract from it in their eyes.



The modern boarding-school for girls in its efflorescence of home comfort and scientific apparatus for the conveyance of ideas and the maintenance of health is more than a century in advance of Miss Pinkerton's Select Establishment for Young Ladies, where Becky Sharp won her "Dixionary."

The Taming of the Rural Rara Avis The especial help of such schools to girls born far from the social centres of the East, some of whom are traditionally entitled to a refined culture, others eager to acquire it, is incalculable.

The girl who arrives at boarding-school inflated with her own importance as a provincial belle or rara avis of cheap accomplishment in so-called "art" or music; ignorant of all but a smattering of knowledge that comes from books; trained to disregard the conventionalities of her age and sex as exacted by standards here; with a conscience void of offense mayhap, but yet continually offending; innocent, reckless, half bred, soon undergoes transformation. In six months' time she learns to adapt herself to accepted customs; to check her speech in public, to restrain the exuberance of her dress and ornament and pose before the world.

Under the training thus judiciously bestowed hundreds of wives and mothers of the future manhood of our country are being yearly sent back to their homes with expanded hearts and intellects, with juster knowledge of men and things, with an understanding of books and art and music that they will in turn diffuse among those less fortunate than themselves in opportunity.

The Cost, Worth and Limits of Education The crying question of the hour, Shall the daughter of the house receive a college education with her brothers? must be answered by each individual for himself. In what is called fashionable life, this temptation to an ambitious girl is so rare as to leave few examples in memory. But if a girl of any station desires to follow any path leading to higher intellectual altitudes and is fit to walk in it, why, I say, let her do so. But not "with" her brothers. Apart from them with her own sex, not in the abnormal condition of striving neck to neck, with young men for mental supremacy at a time of her life when her [illegible] emotions are ready at a touch to betray her false and rob her of her usefulness.

There is no reward to be won in intellectual tourney that could compensate the girl and her family for an overstrain of nerves, reacting upon the body, in her early womanhood. If she can stand it, and persists, Heaven speed her on her way.

Certainly the standard maintained by women's colleges in America of recent years proves that the highest education we know of is procurable by faithful work in their ardent

Young girls whose families are friends resort daily to the antiroom in the house of some one of their number

atmosphere. The records also of those annexes to universities, where young women may glean in the same fields with men, yet apart from them, have been surprisingly brilliant. Home culture and school culture of the ordinary kind pale beside the results attained, like candles under electric lights. It makes even the average observer concede that "higher education" is no longer a mere war cry of ambitious souls.

The Deeper Sources of Woman's Power How is it — one pauses to wonder — that the women who intellectually have done most to gladden, console and watch this weary old world of ours into a better humor have had no college training whatever, and, in many cases, little of any sort save what they got for themselves from books. The reason one need not go far to seek. A woman's chief power over men, and in a lesser degree over her own sex, lies in the emanation of her feminine personality; in her ability to convey human emotion; to stir the deep currents of the heart; to touch hidden chords of sentiment; to evoke patriotic ardor; to soothe or to amuse, to charm; to lighten care. There is not much time for the cultivation of such sympathy with such an intimate knowledge of poor, weak human nature in the hard grind of college study. The very quality of the necessary pursuits is opposed t

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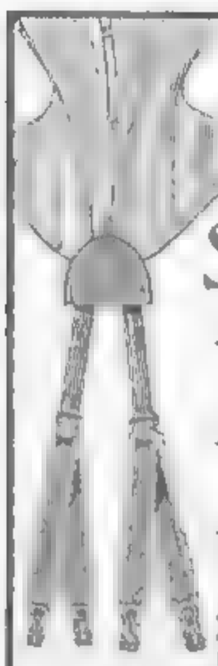

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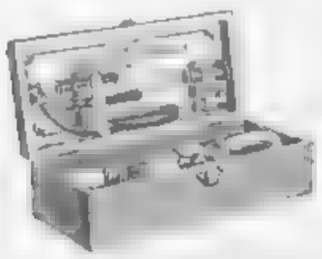

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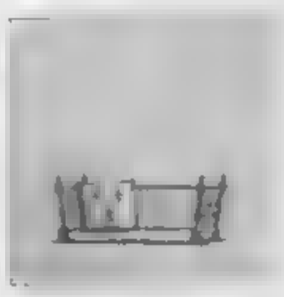

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, May 1900

I HAVE always had a hazy idea, bred no doubt of [illegible] fashionable Spruce City training, that with the budding of the leaves Washington would at least have one touch in common with the rest of the world, and that with spring everywhere in the air, the housekeeper's instinct would come to the fore and politics and gayety would give place, at least for a time, to spring h[illegible] cleaning. Page declares that such ideas are hopelessly obsolete, and that if I hope to keep my place in the smart world I must not let such a word as "house cleaning" pass my lips.

Q[illegible] against the constitutional right to seat Quay

"Goodness me, Page exclaimed Cousin Melinda, whose housewifely notions were outraged by such an idea, "don't you clean house down here ever?"

"Ah suppose so, Miss Melinda, but we don' have to do like you do up No'th where you turn every thin' topsy-turvy; we jus' tell the housekeeper to see that the house is put in summer shape, an' it's done."

"But if you don't have a housekeeper?" asked Cousin Melinda with thrifty persistence.

"Oh, then the butler will know what is meant by summer shape," innocently returned this little lily of the field.

"And what is 'summer shape'?" demanded the old lady, gazing around inquiringly upon the lavish household gods which adorned my showy Schneider house.

"Well, every hangin' an' every curtain an' rug is sent to col' storage for six or seven months. Every bit of bric-à-brac is done up in tissue paper or in muslin bags. Screens are put in the windows, an' the whole house is lef' bare an' plain. You see," continued Page, who enjoyed drawing extreme pictures for the sake of the originality of Cousin Melinda's comments, "we don' have any spring. We go right into summer weather, with the the'mometer at ninety as like as not, an' the pavements all sof' an' runnin' into the sewers, an' we have to put up electric fans, an' stay in the house an' eat frozen things, an'——"

"And plenty of flies and mosquitoes?" interrupted Cousin Melinda, not heeding how or where her question fitted in Page's narrative.

"Oh my, yes! as big as beetles, an' everybody gets out of town, an' you won' even see a butcher's cart on mos' of the streets, an' the dogs even stop runnin' about an' only limp along on three legs, a[illegible]

"Well, then, I think I shall go straight back to Spruce City. I don't think I could live with no carpets on the floors, no curtains at the windows, and with flies and mosquitoes as big as beetles. Why, I never in all my born days heard of such a climate."

And the dear old lady hustled out of the room as though to begin immediate preparation for her journey to Spruce City. I asked, doubtfully, with every bone in my body aching from the effects of the dance at the Country Club, and the reception and dance at Corcoran House, and a score of other dissipations:

"But, Page, in all seriousness, do people never stop their dinners, and their dances, and their teas, and their recitals?"

"Oh, yes; you jus' wait till the weather is sizzlin' hot, an' then the curtain will ring down with a bang that will make you jump. When that happens there won' be but one thing lef' goin' on."

"And that one thing?" I asked.

Politics," she said dryly.

But don't politics die a natural death w[illegible]n Congress adjourns?

"My, no! They never stop here in Washin'ton, for instead of dyin' a natural death they take on an unnatural impetus, and when Congress ain' here then people go an' snoop aroun' the State, War an' Navy buildin', an' even the White House, an' poke their noses into official affairs, an' stir up scan'als an' make sensations, an' accuse the Government of all sorts of double dealin' like they're doin' now."

I smiled at her vehemence, and thinking to lead her into a trap I said:

"But, Page, the very people who are doing the 'snooping,' as you call it, at present, are the very men of your own party. I shouldn't think you'd find fault when they hope to make campaign capital out of it."

"What good will it do 'em?" she demanded contemptuously.

Then she added reflectively and with a shrewdness which I should never have supposed she possessed for politics:

"My party, Mrs. Slocum, is always watchin' out for crows. They are often on the right side of a thing, but instead of meetin' it straight out they go pokin' into your party's dom's, an' if they fin' a crow they let go the main thing an' shout crow. Ah can't help thinkin' of somethin' Charles Kingsley said once of a certain great man. He said that this great man possessed all the gif's under the sun save one, an' that one was the gif' of the power to use them. An' so it is with the Democratic party. They possess lots of great gif's, an' they mean to make campaign capital out of your party's mistakes, an' goo'ness knows there are a plenty, but bless you, the Democratic party don' possess the gif' to use their power, nor possess the power to use their gif's, an' there you are!"

This was all new light to me on the Democratic party, and, coming as it did from this little Virginian, it struck me as being unusually original and shrewd, and not long after I repeated it to Robert and Senator [illegible].

And to think that such a clever little American should be wasted on a Frenchman!" exclaimed the Senator, his antipathy for everything diplomatic springing to the front.

"How much truth is there in her observation?" I asked.

"It is just as true as it is shrewd," said the Senator. Then he continued:

"You see, this talk in the Senate about the Cuban funds and our army officers has been sprung for no other purpose than for campaign material, and, as Miss Page would say, in order to 'shout crow,' and——"

"Oh, but do you mean," I interrupted, "that with you it is a case of 'believing a story false which ought not to be true'?"

"By no [illegible] returned the Senator earnestly, "but I will believe nothing until more light is brought to bear upon it. I always think of Cotton Mather, who used to say, when anything of consequence was on hand, that there was a gentleman mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Acts to whom he was more deeply indebted than to any one else, and that was the town clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel and wisdom in managing an angry assembly were masterly. And I feel like suggesting to my brethren of the Senate not to do anything rash, but to consult with

One interesting figure on the floor [illegible] during the afternoon was that of ex-Governor Taylor, of Kentucky

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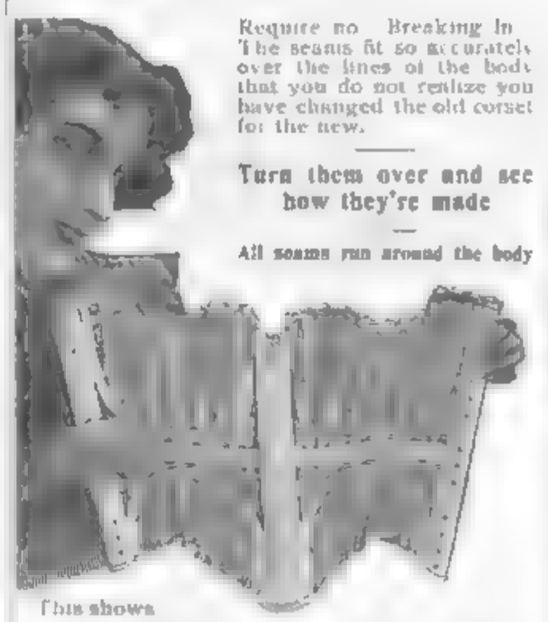

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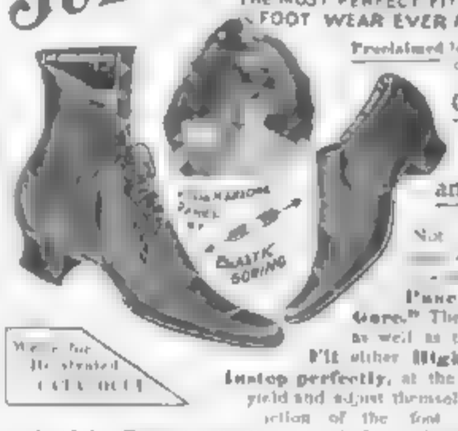

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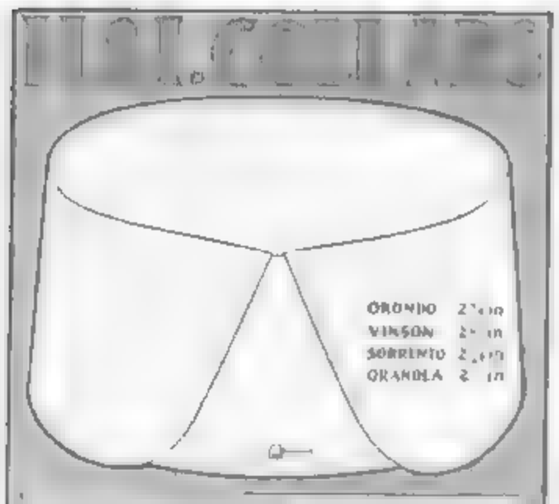

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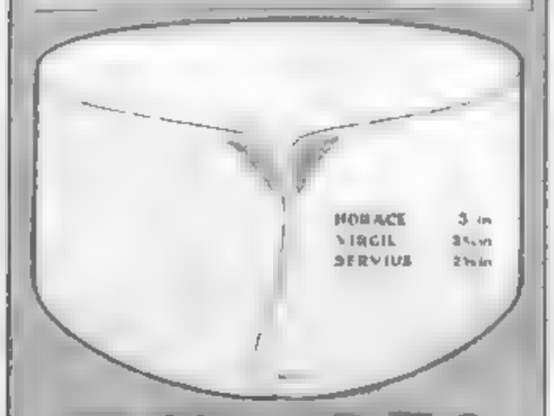

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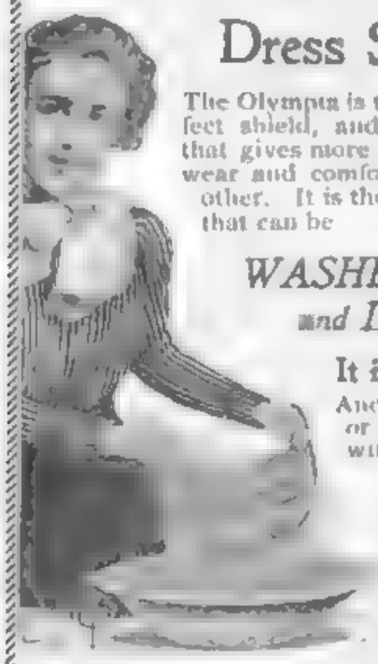

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the town clerk of Ephesus before they commit themselves."

"Well, it seems to me that the world is full of rubs, and that our Republican fortune seems to be 'running against the bias' just now," I said croakingly

"Oh, pshaw!" said Robert. "It's all nonsense to talk about 'running against the bias.' We're running straight with the grain. There may be some blunders, of course, and there may be some occasions when we can't answer all the questions concerning the truth, but that does not signify that the truth has been let go of. Some person with a bias said apropos of just such a case as this, 'The capacity for occasional blundering is inseparable from the capacity to bring things to pass. The only party that is past the danger of making mistakes is the party that is dead' By the way, how do you feel about the loss of the Quay case?" asked Robert of the Senator

"Well, it was a surprise all around. I was in hopes that my quiet work in behalf of Quay would have had its effect, but, you see, Quarles made a speech and advanced some rather effective and novel views against the constitutional right to seat him, and then Burrows' speech, coming as it did with its trip hammer blows, shook the confidence of at least two of Quay's friends; and then it was whispered around in the cloak rooms and lobby that Clark of Montana, would vote for him, even though under the circumstances it would have been an extraordinary proceeding considering his position, and this turned one or two men's votes But the solar plexus blow to Quay was Hanna's desertion at the last moment This was construed as a blow direct from the Administration Altogether, it was as close a bit of work as has been done in the Senate in years The only funny episode throughout the day was Hale's nervousness which made him answer 'Aye' to the roll-call instead of 'No' on the final vote"

DEPEW WOULD NOT HURT ANYBODY'S FEELINGS INTENTIONALLY FOR THE WORLD

I am rather surprised that you, a conservative man, should have espoused so openly Mr. Quay's cause," said I tentatively

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Slocum," spoke up the Senator almost testily, "you may call me anything you like except conservative. A conservative man in the Senate nowadays has come to mean a sort of nebulous being without strong convictions or nerve—a man, in short, who is 'afraid to look at the new moon out of respect to that ancient institution, the old one'"

We all laughed at this idea, and I dropped the Quay matter. After a moment the Senator said

"One interesting figure on the floor all during the afternoon was that of ex Governor Taylor, of Kentucky He was the guest of Deboe, who brought him into the chamber through the cloak room. It was thought that possibly he might have been denied the privilege of the floor if he had had to pass the doorkeepers, but he was not challenged."

After a moment the Senator asked [illegible]

"How about that claim from your State, Slocum? How are you getting on with it?"

"Oh, well, rather like a crab; I seem to be going backward This claim passed the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims, and finally passed Congress without dissent; then it went to the Department and got into the hands of the Auditor, and he holds it up week after week while he mulls along between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. Meanwhile my people are fuming around and making my life a burden with complaints that I am not pushing it. The Government's way of doing business seems to me to be the most extraordinary thing I have ever run up against. Why, there is no corporation or private business concern in the country that could live or exist twenty four hours run on the same lines that the Government runs its business

"That reminds me," laughed the Senator, "of a claim that I was once interested in, and when it had dragged along, and finally looked as if it would fail, and finally did fail before the Comptroller, I carried it to the Supreme Court and got Joe Choate to come down and argue it for me. Well, the day that Choate made his argument the Comptroller of course was present to represent the Government, and Choate was firing away in his usual brilliant fashion and was making a strong, clear showing and claiming everything under the sun for our side, when one of the Justices interrupted him and asked

"'If this claim is as clear as your argument and your brief would show, why has it come before this court?'

"'Why, Your Honor,' replied Choate with all the suavity of manner of which he is possessed to an unusual degree, 'it has been brought before this honorable body because and here he swept his eyes over the Comptroller, 'a small headed tack,' and he measured off on his finger an infinitesimally small space, 'got into the wheels of Government and clogged them, hence——'"

And the Senator finished with a hearty laugh at the recollection of that claim, and we laughed with him

Did the court laugh?" asked I

"No, but there was a suspicious twitching of faces and a restless movement among them which betrayed that the point was not lost upon them Neither was the case lost," wound up the Senator

"Well, then I must have struck just such a [illegible] as Choate described," said Robert

You'll strike plenty such in the Treasury Department. Why, I have known a whole appropriation to be held up over an item involving a quarter of a dollar and once the entire account of the Commissioners' office of the District was held up for several weeks until a broken window-pane could be accounted for, and finally was only passed when the attorney for the District filed a brief to show that the breaking of the pane of glass had not been the work of the elements," said the Senator

Well, at least it argues a certain kind of faithful honesty which is refreshing," said I

"Oh yes, but that penny-wise honesty can often be a menace to the public good. A bee is no buster animal than a blockhead, but it is not always comfortable or profitable to have it around all the same, and Schiller says that 'Heaven and earth fight in vain against a dunce,'" replied the Senator Then he added:

"If I were you, Slocum, I'd bring a little pressure to bear. I'd go to the Secretary himself and get a hearing, and, if need be, bring in Senator Blank. He has a tremendous pull with the Secretary and with the Department. Of course, I suppose, you have already used your entire State delegation?"

"Of course," replied Robert. Then he explained frankly

"Personally, I don't care much about the matter, but just now I'm anxious to stand well with my constituency and with the Legislature, for I'm in the Senatorial fight in my State and want to win out"

"Of course," replied the Senator heartily

I thought it wise to get these two men off this subject, for it was one upon which Robert was very sore and anxious [illegible] I asked, by way of changing the venue

"What's this story I hear about Senator Depew and the Frederick City delegation? Why has there been such a laugh about it among you?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Slocum, the city of Frederick has had a claim against the Government growing out of the Civil War, and a delegation came down the other day to look after it. They've been coming down regularly for about thirty years or more upon this same matter. Well, they went before the Committee as usual, only this time they encountered Depew and talked with him, and

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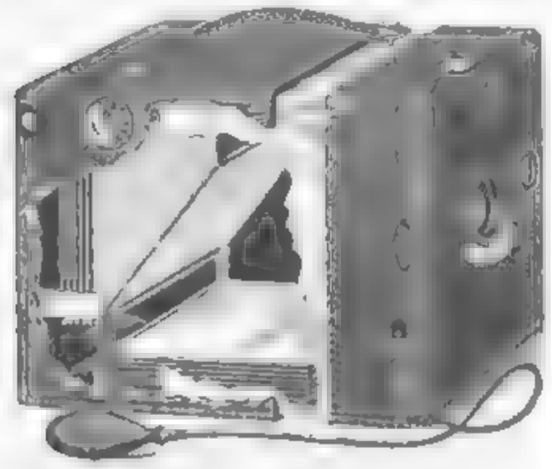

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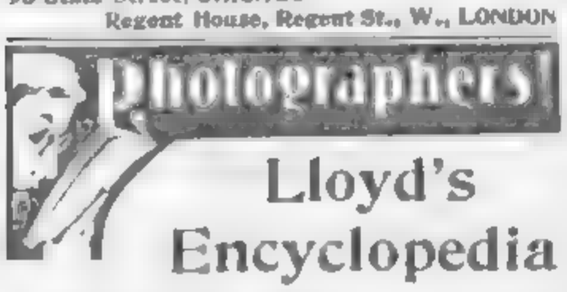

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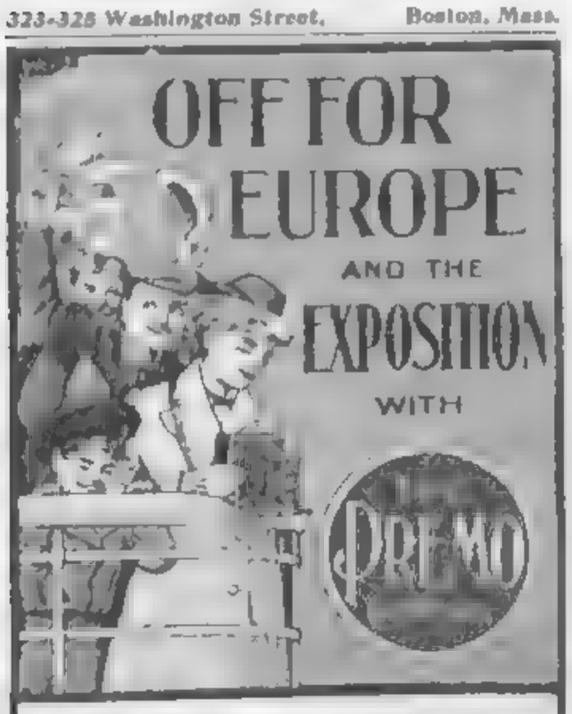

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Depew became quite enthusiastic over Frederick and her claims. He promised his full cooperation in the matter and promised all sorts of things, so the story goes, and then, overflowing with good-fellowship, he thought that he would show his cordiality in other ways than by his expansive smile. So, in an unguarded moment, he asked about the old story of Barbara Frietchie. This, of course, unlocked the tongue of every one of the delegation and the tale was graphically related. Depew was delighted, and declared that Frederick's claim ought to be paid if for no other reason than Barbara's act of bravery. But, alas! he added benignly

"'The story and the poem were always favorites with me in my childhood.'

"Fancy the astonishment on the faces of that delegation at this remarkable statement. They were blank with wonderment. Finally some one timidly intimated to Depew that he must have been an astoundingly old little boy for the story and poem to have been favorites with him in childhood. It dawned on him suddenly that he must be away off on Barbara Frietchie, and he said promptly

"'Why, bless me! I thought that Barbara Frietchie was a heroine of 1812. I'll confess I was a bit puzzled that Stonewall Jackson should be figuring in 1812, but then I thought that perhaps Stonewall Jackson was only a slip for Andrew Jackson. The slip is mine.'

"It would seem then," said I, "that the golden tongued Senator is not always entirely happy in his utterances, especially in those pertaining to poets and poems. In the course of an address before the Longfellow memorial meeting not long since, I understand that he remarked: 'Paradise Lost is the greatest poem in English literature, because nobody ever reads it.'

Now, it seems that this utterance came to the ears of those poor, sightless ones who frequent the reading room for the blind up at the library, for I heard a sweet faced old lady say pathetically when the remark was repeated to her:

'Think of his saying that! Why, Milton was blind! He was not only a truly great poet, but he was blind!' And she turned her sightless gaze toward me for sympathy.

The Senator spoke up warmly:

'Depew would not hurt anybody's feelings intentionally for the world.'"

The Sergeant of Company L

By Clinton Ross

IT WAS Bertie's way, to be late," Mrs. Davidge, the hostess, remarked, and they would not wait longer.

"To think—of that poor, dear boy—and we never estimated him at half his value," the hostess was saying. She might have added, to be explicit, at more that half his moral and mental value, for Captain Robertson's monetary value was considerable, and he was of a good old New York family. But until the Spanish War he had gone in for the things men of his sort affect, and it was surprising to note that he had distinguished himself at Santiago, and that he had—through influence, the skeptics said—secured an appointment in the Philippines, and distinguished himself there. This was the man who was returning to his old environment with Mrs. Davidge's dinner.

As it happened, our one-armed Captain entered at the moment, and there was hand shaking all around, and "Awfully glad to see you, old man," and "How was it out there? do tell me. I am going to put my globe-trotting in that direction." And the women said, "So glad to see you, Bertie." And the ever present Tatterly made his witticism. It was Tatterly, you know, who made the remark that war was sent to give the leaven, earnestness, to good society.

As he still had his right hand, our Captain went through this very well, until he came to Kate—in some way she was last—and he gave her a quick, deep look that made her flush, and then Mrs. Davidge said:

You won't object to taking Miss Merton in?"

"Do you object, Kate?" he whispered.

"Why, of course not; don't be foolish," the girl said. And so they went in.

"And how is everybody, and Meadowbrook and Ardsley? I hear that Bob Stoners broke his collar bone again."

Third time," Tatterly remarked.

"Oh, all is about the same," Kate answered.

She did not understand him. His light, whimsical face had become earnest, as if he had looked into life. Did he care still? For some reason her feminine intuition failed her. And she had thought she knew him and would continue to know him like a book. She suddenly saw that she wasn't exactly pleased at the thought of his not caring. And, indeed, he directed more of his talk than was necessary to Helen Delton.

They talked of Manila and the life there, and Robertson told many a story; and the women said it must be great fun. "Yes, life was interesting," he went on; "but it was the time of war, you know." And he told how one day he had dined with Mrs. Colonel M., and how the dance had been broken up by the news that Colonel M. had been shot in a landing from a gunboat.

"But the excitement and the fun of it!" Helen Delton cried; "the things we do here seem so tame after all that."

Our hero remarked that even excitement palls sometimes, which they doubted; and the men quite envied the one-time Bertie.

After dinner the talk turned to bravery, and Captain Robertson was asked nonsensical questions, and how it seems to be under fire, and all that sort of thing, and if there was anything in Stephen Crane's book that people talked so much about a few years ago. Kate caught herself thinking that the hero bore his honors very modestly—not that the old Bertie had been without modesty. When they asked about his own story, which the newspapers had dilated on, he said at first little or nothing—and then Kate caught his eyes. She now was across the room from him, but his eyes were on her. He seemed singularly grave.

"Oh, I say," he cried suddenly, "don't talk about that. The newspaper stories are all stuff—entirely wrong. I have made my explanation now. I am sorry that I didn't make it in Manila."

He spoke almost fiercely, and the others looked at him curiously.

"You ask me about bravery. Most of the talk about it is nonsense—tommy rot, to use forcible slang. I was praised for going up San Juan Heights. Do you know, I was afraid—yes, afraid. I would have run, if I hadn't been more afraid of being called a coward. That is all there was of it. I wanted to run, but it took less courage to keep on than to run. And as for the skirmishes I have been through in Luzon, I have always had much the same feeling. To be sure, there are men bred to the thing, and others who have it in them, and a few, a very few, who don't care. But I know I am not the only man of the kind that wants to run but doesn't dare to. That is not bravery.'

"Oh, my dear Bertie, you can't tell us that."

But Bertie was looking at Miss Merton.

"You all have been good enough to ask me questions about that affair of Delon. Now, I am going to tell you the truth, just as it was.

"You know, I was First Lieutenant of Company L. It chanced that the First Sergeant was Jack Flynn, the son of the farmer at our place in Far Westchester. The Flynns have been associated with our family, father and son, since my grandfather's time, and when I found Jack in my company we both, I think, were pleased—at any rate, I was. He was a splendid fellow and had in him the making of an officer.

'Well, the regiment, and Company L, of course, were in those things that you perhaps read about—or, perhaps, didn't read about, after the first novelty had worn off—they became so frequent. I often thought how much better a commissioned officer Jack would have made than I. And all the time, in all those little skirmishes we were in—I will be honest with you—I never could get quite familiar with being under fire. I never felt the battle rage, you know.

"Well, to return to Delon. We made a landing one morning under the cover of the guns at Manate Bay, and occupied the town of Manate. A spy brought us news that an important Filipino, a General Aristo, was near by, up country, and a detachment of cavalry, with which was Company L, was sent out to scout for him. We believed there was no great force of the enemy in the immediate neighborhood.

"Indeed, on our way, following a jungle road, we saw only a few natives, who claimed to be *amigos*, as is their way, you know. Presently, after some tiresome miles we came out into a region of ricefields and

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to a little village on a hill, where was an abandoned monastery and a curious old stone church. Here I was detailed to remain with thirty men, for the road forked, and it was a point to watch. With me was Sergeant Flynn.

"We took our position about an old storehouse on a hillock at the upper end of the village, which commanded the roads. Here was a fenced inclosure and mounds which, if we were attacked, might prove a fair breastworks. Then, leaving Flynn, I dismounted and, with a few men, went down into the village. Before the little church we were met by an old man, who, with many protestations of his loyalty, said that he knew where that rogue, General Aristo, was—that he was hidden there, and he pointed to a house. The matter, of course, bore investigation, and we surrounded the building while I and two men went in. There was a scene of fright and stolid lying, but out of a dark loft one of my men pulled by the leg a little Filipino. I was quite elated.

"'Why, General,' said I, for he had been an envoy during a truce, 'this is a surprise.'

"He shouted out unutterable things in Spanish at me and then felt courteous; for he was a man of education and of a good Filipino family, as a lot of those chaps are.

'After rummaging about the church and the monastery and getting what information we could, we retired to our position on the hill. We were led to believe that the enemy had utterly decamped. Yet Aristo's presence perplexed me. Why had he remained here to watch us—to see with his own eyes?

"Almost at the moment a trooper came clattering up. The enemy were coming in force up the Manate road.

"He was followed quickly by two more of our scouts, who reported that hundreds were swarming down from both of the other ways. Then a popping began from the fields. We understood: we were cut off.

"General Aristo, with a malicious smile, calmly lit a Manila cigar.

'My men were kneeling behind the fence and now popping away. One poor chap tumbled over at my right, and I began to feel that battle fear I have told you about. They swarmed about us from every side; but we kept replying—to good effect, too. But it seemed to me we couldn't hold out. It was a useless struggle, a useless sacrifice. Two others of ours tumbled over.

"'Sergeant,' I said, 'we can't hold out.'

"'Yes, we can, sir; we're not going to give in to 'em niggers—when we have the praze, too!'

'We must,' I said, pulling out a handkerchief. He snatched it from me.

"'Well done, Hawkins,' he commented as a trooper knocked over a Filipino; and then to me, 'Sir, we can't.'

'And he looked at me with an expression of dismay and shame I never shall forget—the well-disciplined non-commissioned officer's shame at an inefficient superior.

And I obeyed him. From that moment Sergeant Flynn commanded, not I.

The next quarter hour, to put it bluntly, was hell, and then my arm felt numb the one I haven't now, and it all was dark until at last I awoke, looking into a doctor's eyes.

'Where am I?'

'At Manate. You bagged the man, and kept him until Colonel Welling came up. Don't try to talk.'

'And the men?'

'Five dead and thirteen laid up.'

'Sergeant Flynn?'

'It's a pretty bad go with him.'

'He did it,' I remember I said.

'Hush!' said the surgeon, with a knowing smile.

'Well, my arm was amputated, and I was congratulated, and written up, and commended, and promoted," Robertson continued almost bitterly.

And poor Flynn was lying between life and death for many weeks. When I was able I went to see him. This was in Manila. His gallantry, too, had received mention, but no one knew that if it had not been for him we never should have held out, and until to-day—when I have written the facts to the Department—I never have told it. I saw him, the wreck of a strong man, and sure of death.

'You did it; not I, Jack,' I told him.

'Hush, sir; hush!' he said, like the surgeon; 'you only thought you wanted to give in.'"

The narrator paused, and the hush kept the room, until one said:

"Well?"

"That's all. Flynn died a few days after."

The talk clung politely about Manila for a little while and then turned to other matters.

Miss Merton had listened, her eyes never leaving the speaker's face. Shortly after she found herself alone with Captain Robertson.

"Bertie, I once told you you were a dawdler. I was wrong. You are a strong, brave man."

Captain Robertson took her half extended hand and pressed it.

"Looking at you made me tell it," he said.

But Tatterly, commenting on the Captain's story later at the club, remarked:

'I don't see why the deuce he wanted to tell that sort of thing."

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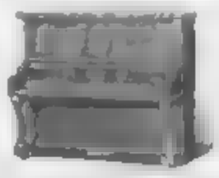

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"Freshwater" Colleges

By D. K. Pearsons

THE greatest educational institution in America, aside from the common school, is the "freshwater" college. My faith in this agent of civilization is strong, and it is in no boastful sense that I point to the fact that it has been the chief joy of a long and happy life to prove that faith by my works—by giving to seventeen colleges of this kind two and a half million dollars. This will indicate to the business man that my enthusiasm on the subject of "freshwater" colleges is not an idle sentiment, and that I must be able to give a substantial reason for the faith that is in me.

First, let us define the term "freshwater." I understand it to mean as applied to an institution for instruction in the higher branches of learning, that such establishment is laid out upon collegiate lines, but is far more unpretending than the big university or the large college. It may, according to my understanding, be located on the sea coast or be dignified by the title of University and still be a "freshwater" college. Therefore, let us take this term—very likely first applied in a contemptuous sense—to mean a college that lacks the proportions and pretensions of those great institutions of higher education to which those who can have the pick of the land are sent.

The big colleges and universities with world-wide reputations are all right; I have no quarrel whatever with them. They are fulfilling their own purpose well; but I believe that this country could better afford to see them wiped off the list of her educational facilities than to have the struggling "freshwater" colleges that dot the West and South removed from the reach of the common people.

Why? Because these humble institutions are direct products of the true American pioneer spirit, and still have in them the vital breadth of high moral purpose breathed into them by their founders; because the foundation of every "freshwater" college in the land is laid deep in the rock of sound, practical Christianity, because these are the only schools of higher education within the reach of a very large and a very representative class of young men and women—those who make up the moral backbone of this nation.

Examine this last consideration and its force will instantly become clear, so it seems to me. To a very great extent this is merely a question of geography. Almost invariably the "freshwater" colleges have been established to meet local needs. Generally speaking, so far as the West is considered, they are remote from the big centres of civilization where the great universities are located. They were started because they were needed by the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Take, for example, one of the numerous "freshwater" colleges in Iowa. When that splendid prairie State began to "settle up," and the virgin soil was turned into marvelously productive fields, which yielded the settler a rich return for his hard labor, the pioneer faced this situation: His older children had exhausted the resources of the district and the village schools; they were eager to get a fair start in life, a better equipment than the town high school could afford them; their hopes and ambitions turned toward the college, but this goal seemed hopelessly remote, for the nearest college was hundreds of miles away and the expense of railroad fare seemed more than could be managed, to say nothing of the outlay for tuition, books and living expenses—not an encouraging prospect for a farmer boy with a slender purse and the knowledge that he must make h[illegible] own way, and that he could have only two or three years of college life, at most.

The Pioneers' Cry for Education

Nor was the outlook any brighter for the conscientious father of a growing family, who longed to give his boys and girls the advantages of a far better education than had come within his own grasp. Many a sturdy settler has nursed a protracted heartache because his struggle to get his farm clear from debt compelled him to deny his children this precious boon. Hundreds of pioneers have counted this among the greatest of their griefs; and in every pioneer community hundreds of young men and women went out into the battle of life with a deep and abiding hunger for a better education—a craving that could not be satisfied, because the nearest college was beyond their reach. Had there been an institution of higher education within a hundred, or even three hundred miles from their home town they could have overcome the other obstacles standing between them and the benefits of an education. This intervening distance, however, became the "great gulf fixed" that effectually separated them from the realization of their ambition.

Heartaches of this kind, in the breasts of both parents and children, were the springs in which the "freshwater" college movement had its rise. This condition at least richly prepared the ground for the coming of the forerunner of the college. Often he was a missionary of the gospel, who saw this hunger for intellectual food in the mind of the pioneer population and determined that he would dedicate himself to the work of satisfying it. He also perceived the opportunity to teach the principles of Christianity along with secular learning. Here was set before him the double joy of laboring for both the spiritual salvation and the intellectual freedom of a people eager to make the most of their opportunities.

No wonder this kind of a field called out the best talents of the pioneer ministry and inspired a devotion and self sacrifice which shame most of the heroic performances of the characters pictured by the professional romancers! There have been hundreds of instances of this kind, but a single one will do by way of illustration.

A Plain College with No Frills

Out in Colorado Springs is a college to which hundreds of students flock with a consuming thirst for an education. Ah! What a sturdy set those fellows are! The gathering of the clans at the Colorado Springs College is one of the most inspiring sights that any true American can wish to look upon. Why, those boys stalk into that town, with their "duds" rolled into little bundles that they have "packed" on their own shoulders, from ranches and mining camps two hundred and even three hundred miles away. If there is a millionaire's son among them you can't pick him out by the cut of his clothes. They are men—not dudes! I guess about half of them could brand a steer or tend a sluice with better grace than they could appear at a full-dress party. But how they do study!

Well, this college is an example of what I have said is the typical history of the "freshwater" college. It must have been nearly thirty-five years ago when I pitched camp almost on its site in company with a band of Ute Indians. There was an insignificant little hamlet on the spot where the city of Colorado Springs now stands. The situation and the surroundings were glorious, and it seemed to me that there was a great future for that region. And my guess was right. The settlement grew and the inhabitants prospered. One day an earnest and devoted Christian missionary came along. He read the hearts of the people—or at least a part of them. Instantly he saw that the great need of that community was a college. Even the most well to do settlers could not afford to send their children hundreds of miles away to the nearest big college. Among the more thoughtful members of the community his ambition to build a college there met with a warm response and he went at the project with a will. In a way, he succeeded. I believe his institution was at first called an academy, but soon it joined the ranks of "freshwater" colleges. From the start it trained men—good, sound men who became the preachers, lawyers, merchants, editors, school teachers, school commissioners and legislators of that country.

But the haste to get rich and to pile up money with which to spoil sons and daughters is just as common a failing of men in that part of the country as elsewhere, and the missionary found this out, to his grief. It was hard sledding for him to keep the pioneer college going. Finally it passed into the hands of a young man named Slocum. He was full of good business snap, and I saw he was the man to make that thing go as the missionary had not been able to make it. I said to him: "When you raise $150,000 for the endowment of this college I will pay you $50,000 in cash to bring the total up to $200,000."

He seemed to appreciate the offer, but said plainly that he didn't believe the condition

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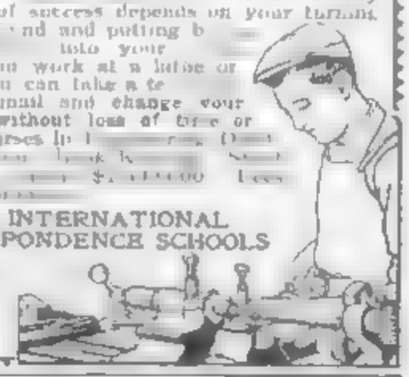

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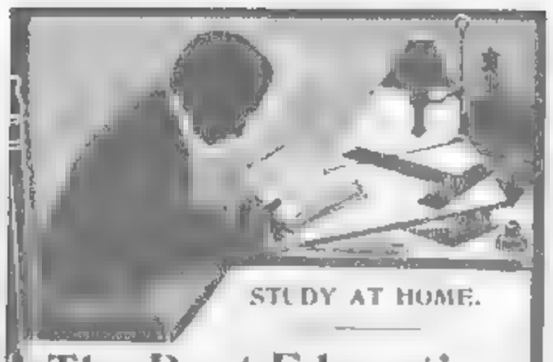

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could be fulfilled. However, he went at the task with a hearty good will. It took some time, but finally he forwarded to me a book containing the names of one thousand men who had pledged a total of $150,000 for the college, and the reliability of the list was certified to by three of the leading business men there. Mr. Slocum received his $50,000 from me, and now that college is the joy and the pride of the whole region. There are no frills on it—just a plain "freshwater" college—but it is placing a higher education within reach of hundreds of manly young fellows from the plains and the mountains, who would have been compelled to forego such a training if that institution had not been established and maintained as I have described.

Tall Timber in the Ozark Mountains

To emphasize and enforce the statement that sound Christianity and genuine pioneer pluck have gone into the making of almost every "freshwater" college, let me give another illustration just as typical as that which I have already cited. Almost in the heart of the Ozark Mountains, in Missouri, is another college which I found in the same situation as the one at Colorado Springs. Years before, a courageous missionary who had received his education at Olivet—another

J. A. Peabody

"freshwater" institution—came into that region and beheld the identical outlook which had inspired the "gospel scout" to build a college where I had camped with the Utes.

The fact that Missouri had been a border State and a slave State made the situation woefully disheartening. To say the least, education had not been fashionable then, and it took courage for this man Drury to undertake the building of a college in the shadows of the Ozarks. But he finally succeeded, and I am glad his name has been given to the institution. Although scores of young men and women there secured an excellent education, the inhabitants were slow to wake up to the value of the college and open their pockets for its support. At length it became impossible to pay the salaries of the small force of teachers with promptness and regularity; indeed, it required very skillful begging to pay them at all. Affairs were in this condition when I made the management the same proposal which Mr. Slocum had received. The whole faculty and leading men of the community took hold and hustled, and I had the pleasure of adding $50,000 to an endowment fund of $150,000. What was the result? More students than they knew what to do with!

No consideration with reference to the "freshwater" colleges is of greater weight than that which makes account of the timber that goes into institutions of this order. With rare exceptions, the pupils have their own way to make and are absolutely dependent upon their earnings for all their college money. In hundreds of instances young men are compelled to contribute to the support of their families while working their way through college. This is severe experience, but it helps to grow sound timber as nothing else can.

There is another element in the results accomplished by the "freshwater" college not found in anything like an equal degree in the bigger institutions. This is the cultivation of the real spirit of American democracy. At Berea College, in Kentucky, most of the students are mountaineers. They have good stuff in them, coming from a Scotch Irish parentage. In most cases they are desperately poor and as a class are also desperately ...ant—but they have the blood of heroes. ...k in the days of the Civil War the fathers and grandfathers of the young men and women now in Berea came down from their mountain homes with their hearts full of the love of freedom and fought like tigers for the Union cause. These were the men who led the forces at the scaling of Lookout Mountain and carried the Union colors to its ...although raked by the awful fire. My sympathies are always with the mountain men because I am a mountaineer myself. The only difference between my situation and that of the men in the Cumberland region was that I shoveled snow in the mountains of Vermont while they were hunting and tending corn patches south of Mason and Dixon's line. I had little to boast of in the way of educational advantage over them.

Large families are the rule among the mountaineers and this intensifies the demand for education. The delight with which these people welcome an opportunity to give their children an education is pathetic. They were almost wild with joy when I gave to Berea $50,000 to complete a $200,000 endowment. How many of the students in this institution could have gone to another and a distant college in the event that this had not been established? Not one per cent. of them! And I will venture to say that there is not a college or university in America where the standard of manhood and womanhood is higher than at Berea.

Benefits of Individual Instruction

Not the least important thing about the "freshwater" college is the fact that it affords opportunity for a closer relationship between instructor and pupil than is possible in the larger institution where the number of pupils is so much larger. This ministers to both the moral and the intellectual progress of the pupil. Each student receives a larger share of individual attention from the teacher, and the latter has a more intimate knowledge of the conduct and the character of each of his students than he could have in the big institution. The intimacy of this relationship naturally acts as a wholesome restraint and keeps many a young man from getting into mischief, bad habits and bad associations. As it looks to me, the "freshwater" student does more studying, has more pleasure, is closer to his teachers and his mates, and suffers less from high pressure athletic distractions than does the student at the big institution.

For these and many other reasons I believe that no educational work of an advanced kind is being done in America to-day equal to that of the "freshwater" colleges.

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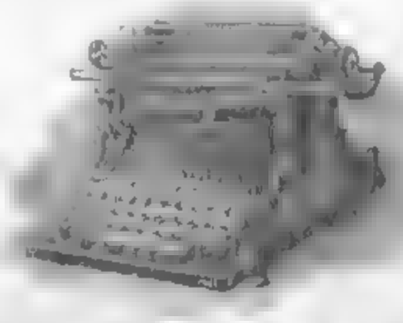

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The Crime of '73

By Stanley Waterloo

THEY weren't Nihilists. What's the reason anybody says they were Nihilists. It drives me into a frenzy when everybody jumps upon everybody else and accuses them of all sorts of things. It may be that nobody said anything about anybody else just now, but that doesn't matter. I want to repeat that they weren't Nihilists. They were only Freshmen of the Class of '[illegible]. Nevertheless, they meant business.

They were gathered together in a room, and they swore secrecy and all that sort of thing. Here is something that only a small portion of the world knows and which all the world ought to know, because, really, because we ought to know more particularly about our young men who are blossoming in the colleges. Well, here's an important matter: no Freshman can, or, rather, may, could or should carry a cane. This important fact has dribbled, in a way, into the minds of the populace, through vagrant articles in the various periodicals, within the last quarter of a century. It is a fact, though, that the articles were incompetent and that the public doesn't know yet. I, the thoughtful and gifted writer of this story, have departed, for once, from my dignity, and am standing, so to speak, on the street corner of a crowded city, and am announcing that the populace does not yet know why Freshmen should not carry a cane. Neither does anybody else. Come to think of it, after you have taken off the populace, "anybody else" seems out of the question.

There were about a dozen of them and the freshman year was getting very near its close. For a Freshman to carry a cane before Commencement and before he becomes a Sophomore is, as known in college history, to make him—and very properly—a malefactor of the deepest dye, one upon whom the retiring Sophomores, who are about to become Juniors and drift into the one year of college nonentity, have a right to inflict the direst injuries.

Now such is the depravity of freshman human nature that, toward the end of the collegiate year, certain members of the freshman class almost inevitably conclude that a cane shall be carried before the collegiate year be ended.

To say that the meeting here described was "serious" would be doing it an injustice. It was too mightily earnest to enable the adjective "serious" to fit the case. It was a meeting such as gathered of the few when a new scheme of effort against the Asiatic continent was afloat in Greece, when Rome was imperiled, when Venice was finding letters in the Lions' mouths. It was a meeting to determine *Who* should carry a cane before the end of the freshman year and lots were to be cast as to the issue. Now, lots have been cast many times in history, but to the young gentlemen here assembled all lot-castings of the past were, for the moment, insignificant. There were formulas with an urn, and there were what are popularly known as "bated breaths." The lot fell upon Jim Cameron.

He, this James Cameron, was at the same time the proudest and, in one sense, the most scared youth between the seas—that is, to get down to a practicality, between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. He knew that Glory awaited him; he knew, also, that he was going to his Doom. He set his teeth hard and tried to retain his usual somewhat hilarious demeanor. It's mighty hard to be a hero. This young man knew very well that he was like the leader—what was his name?—at Thermopylæ, that he was the Bozzaris of a latter day, that he was William Tell, that he was the "Make Way for Liberty" fellow, Arnold Winkelried, that he was all of that group of heroes who stood high—but it didn't help matters much. It's all very well to be a martyr, but there is no doubt that most fellows have wriggled most unbecomingly at the stake.

Cameron was wriggling already, for Sophomores are ruthless beings and the Freshmen knew in their heart of hearts that they were in the wrong. But "the die was cast," literally, and Cameron must get a cane and carry it. Not only must he get a cane, but he must make a trip of forty miles to a greater city in order to get a cane of the right sort, an article described by one of his unscathed companions as something with "just the proper touch" to it; then he must carry it flauntingly through the main street leading up to the university as far as the Fates would allow him to go, until the heavens fell and the earth collapsed and there were fragments of things.

Now Cameron, though proud and happy as one who has just been elected, in a damp downstairs place to assassinate the Czar of Russia, knew neither how to buy a cane nor how to carry a cane, and his railroad trip was one equally of meditation, financiering and

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some apprehension. He walked for hours from one place where canes were sold to another place where canes were sold, and finally, thinking of architecture and of art and of colors and of bric-à-brac, and of how much money he had, he bought a cane. It was really a charming cane. It was of straight, streaked Malacca, with a carved ivory handle extending jauntily at a right angle. It was a gifted cane and had an optimistic and hopeful expression to it. How little there is in expression, how little did that Cane know regarding the date of its dissolution, decease and distribution, how little could the cleverest actuary of the biggest insurance company foretell regarding its demise! Still, it was a most fascinating cane. The Freshman and the Cane, or rather the Cane and the Freshman, took the train for the university. Somewhat to the surprise of this one passenger, the train acted almost as it did when he came down. There was the Cane, elegant Cane, with him on one side, but the train didn't seem to wobble on that side any more than on the other, and he could not understand it. But then his thoughts got lost in the maze of the immediate and certainly turbulent future; he thought of "*Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutamus*," and finally settled down to the more modern phrase "He seen his duty and he done it." And the train rolled on and was not wrenched from the track by the weight of the Cane.

There was another midnight meeting at which the Cane in all its glory was revealed

and in which the Freshman, soon himself to become a Sophomore, somewhat pallid but with a face of steel, a trifle shaky as to the hands, announced that on the forthcoming day he would carry that Cane up Ninth Street. He knew that he had no right to carry that Cane up Ninth Street on the next day, or, as he expressed it, "on the day hard by," and the others knew it quite as well as he.

The entire Freshman class knew it. They knew that they had no more right to flaunt a cane in the face of the atmosphere than any one of them had a right to hit Mrs. John Smith in the face. They knew that they were "brave and burly," as some one said but, as still another remarked: "In our midst stalks the swordsman of our country." What right have we to carry a cane! We are only sacrificing Cameron. What show have we got in an unholy cause!" Yet they all decided to fight, to try to defend the Cane, so that henceforth it might be known in history that one Freshman had at one time in the history of one university sported a cane before Commencement.

As for the bearer of that Cane, he lolled around throughout the day, pallid and apathetic. He had got into that frame of mind which, judging from the accounts written by intelligent historians, the pampered victims of the Aztec stone altars lapsed into even weeks before the High Priest, with a dull stone knife, was compelled to find where their hearts were. He was in a comatose but heroic condition. He knew that on the morning "nearly adjacent," as a bothersome but somewhat too frivolous member of his class remarked, he must march up a certain street. He knew that behind him would lurk a majority of his class, knowing that they were abetting a exploiter of the arrogance of the Freshman class. He knew that anything might happen, that he might be burned at the stake, that anything conceivable in the matter of torture might be applied to him—yet he walked on! Behind him came somewhere over a hundred young gentlemen who felt, in the bottom of their hearts, that their business in life was to support this particular young gentleman with the Cane, or die in the supporting. Yet, also, in the bottom of their hearts, they felt that they had no right to engage in the business. This spirit was what was in the group behind the young man carrying the Cane jauntily there. They felt full of fight, but they felt guilty. Somehow the lurking preponderance of conscience which is so clinging, got into the minds of these young men.

Well, he went strutting up the street. He knew that various ghastly things were with him, he knew that behind him were the members of his own class, and though what degree of healthy viciousness was within them he did not know, yet he counted on it to a measure. They might fight like demons, or they might run away. He knew that in front of him, around these embowered streets, there lurked everywhere a lot of Sophomores who proposed to gobble him up. Now—this is a tale of truth—this is what happened.

Very well. "Very well" is good just here, because "very well" is a necessity in telling this, casually, and of this casualty.

It took in only three streets. It did not require much, since, on the part of the Sophomores, they were massed learnedly on the three streets. Necessarily, they must jump on this young man in the middle street.

Very well. The Freshman was walking jauntily with his Cane. Eh! but it was a wrong, and therefore weak, as ever the sinful should be. He knew that somewhere, long before he reached the university, would appear either the Sophomore class or segments of it and that he, personally, would be its objective point.

He had read about the death watch that is established in the jails when some murderer is to be hanged, and he murmured within himself: "Why doesn't some one of those fellows give me a death watch!"

The earth turned from west to east after the fashion we all know it has got into, and there were no clouds between it and the uprising and everlasting wooing sun. In other words, it was a fine forenoon, and it was [illegible] eleven o'clock A. M., also A. D. [illegible] that one Cameron, carrying a cane, started thenceforth and henceforth also (as one of his friends remarked) up the main street of the university town. The earth seemed to revolve as usual and the sun grinned at it as usual, as far as the Freshman could see, but there was blood in the air and everybody felt it! Cameron stalked on.

It would be a gross injustice to the Sophomore class to say that it did not know its business, know it distinctly, accurately and definitely. That Sophomore class had, somehow, become well informed of the Cane [illegible] and a majority of those of its members who owned brawn were awaiting the Thing with a cane and whatever might be supporting him.

Very well, he, the Thing, was nothing but a young gentleman aged nineteen, the

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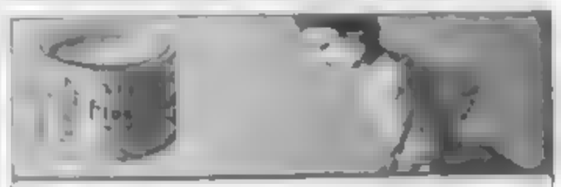

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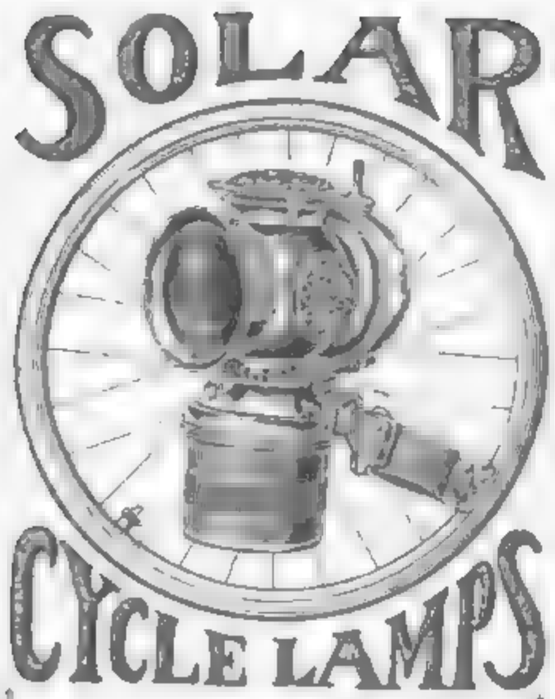

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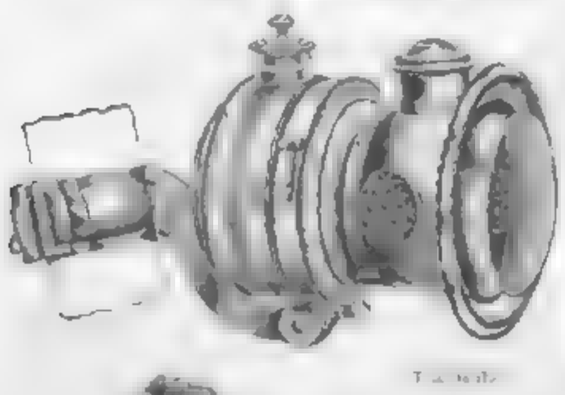

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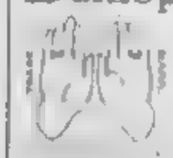

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good cane, with its deflection from end to end, half interlining growth, growth made under earnest suns in Oriental countries and its top of right angled white ivory. What was the matter with the Cane and this Dreamer of Dreams!

Here is a proposition to be made, with all obeisance and request for endurance in the world. It is to the effect that a good fight is a good fight.

Then suddenly—cane about two to one as against the Sophomores, and two to one against the Freshmen. Ordinarily there are two Freshmen to one Sophomore in numbers but, practically, when it comes to fighting a good fight, there are two Sophomores to one Freshman.

Huh! It was all over in a few minutes! Sophomores all over the world are vain and wicked things, but, in this instance, they were fighting for the right. There was a vast entanglement, a desperate struggle, and then, when the end came, a licked lot of Freshmen.

In the midst of this black fray Cameron struggled valiantly to his feet. There seemed a time for a moment when the Sophomores were yielding to the impact of the charging Freshmen that hope might yet remain, and in that vital moment Cameron holding his isolated own, waved his Cane as far aloft as he could reach and shouted hoarsely the war-cry of his class.

The Cane wobbled upward for a moment like the oriflamme of France, or whatever was equivalent to the oriflamme, when little Pepin the Stout was hammering the Huns or somebody else, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, like Lord Marmion's falcon, but alas!

"Then darkly closed the war around
Like pinetree rooted on the ground
It sank among the foe."

Strenuous and fearful was it all, but there could be no doubt as to the issue of the struggle. As Cameron sank again beneath the fiery onslaught his mind grasped wildly at but one idea, that of the inherent weakness of his cause—and he felt an impulse to say: "It is better to be right than be President," but he said nothing perhaps because of the fact that some one was sitting upon his head, [illegible] the fashion affected by sympathetic bystanders when a horse falls in the street.

Vaguely and [illegible] Cameron [illegible] gradually, "'73" was driven from the field, as Cameron could hear in [illegible] though now bearing the weight of four Sophomores who sat upon him as upon a log. Then his captors returned in force and danced a wild measure around him while his class cap was cut into pieces, slight scraps of the size of a quarter of a dollar being pinned upon the breast of each one of the victors.

Men have been boiled in oil. People have been burned at the stake. What would immediately happen to Cameron, this venturesome criminal of criminals, was a matter of doubt. A young man with four men sitting upon him necessarily breathes a flattened-out breath, and thinks a flattened-out thought. Cameron knew himself that he was thinking a flattened out thought and, therefore, was probably not safe as to conclusions—it must be borne in mind that these were all matters of the instant. What Cameron saw and heard was that a large Sophomore with red whiskers, quite apart from the Sophomores who were sitting upon him, was leaping excitedly up and down and shouting out:

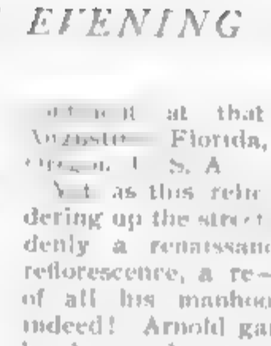
"Fry him! Fry him!"

Meanwhile his dishevelment was going forward steadily. Portions of his raiment were being distributed. The four Sophomores sitting upon him seemed rather stolid and meditative than otherwise. They were the mintes, the directors, while around them raged the active forces of the vengeful Inquisition. They sat there quiet, thoughtful, reflective, heavy, while Cameron's stomach burrowed softly but impressively into the dust of the street.

Well, they didn't kill him. Undoubtedly, from the Sophomore standpoint, they should have done so, but they didn't. Many a time in the history of the universities of the United States has this neglectful missing of murder come regretfully to the minds of Sophomores. Cameron, at least what was left of Cameron, was allowed to depart, taking his way toward where, far up the street, hung threateningly, but inefficient, like the Highlanders upon Ben Levin's height, the shattered fragments of the Freshman class. He was not beautiful. No one could, or did, call him so, chiefly because he was, to a somewhat extraordinary extent, in what the society writers call "dishabille." In fact, he was the most "dishabillish" young man existing upon this [illegible] at that moment between St Augustine, Florida, U. S. A., and Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.

Yet as this relic of humanity went blundering up the street [illegible] suddenly a renaissance, a recrudescence, a reflorescence, a re—anything you please of all his manhood. Arnold Winkelreid indeed! Arnold garnered a few spears into his bosom, it is true, but Arnold Winkelreid died! Cameron had to live, and how on earth he had drawn breath under circumstances just precedent he did not know. He only knew that he had suffered and lived when it would have been easier to die, while the rest of his class had simply lived. With every step he took there came to him an unconscious increase of jauntiness—with a limp, of course, but still jauntiness. What mattered it that his class cap had disappeared into trophies to be worn upon the breasts of temporary tyrants? What mattered anything, he thought, as he took his first full breath of air.

The vista away up the street included a large proportion of his class—a pretty well banged-up proportion, too. He approached them limpingly, but, as has been expressed, with a certain air about him. In the hollow of his hand, lay they! He knew it, and they knew it! Why, this plain, unpretending Freshman had martyrs' crowns to sell—or give away!



The Student in Germany

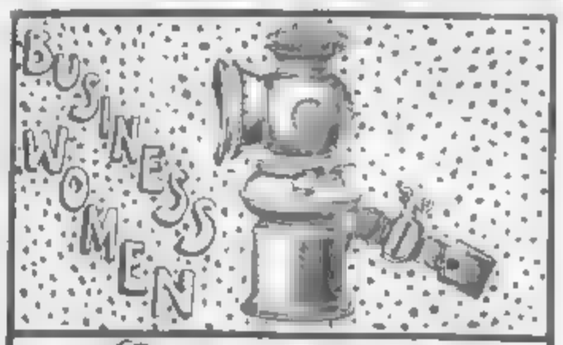
IN THE German parks there are especial seats labeled, "Only for grown-ups" (Nur für Erwachsene), and the German small boy, anxious to sit down, who reads that notice passes by and hunts for a seat on which children are permitted to rest, and there he seats himself, careful not to touch the woodwork with his muddy boots. Imagine a seat in any American park labeled "Only for grown ups!" Every child for five miles around would be trying to get on that seat, and hauling other children off who were on. As for any "grown up," he would never be able to get within half a mile of that seat for the crowd. The German small boy, who has accidentally sat down on such without noticing, rises with a start when his error is pointed out to him, and goes away with downcast head, blushing to the roots of his hair with shame and regret.

The only individual throughout Germany who ever dreams of taking liberties with the law is the German student, and he only to a certain well defined point. By custom certain privileges are permitted to him, but even these are strictly limited and clearly understood. For instance, the German student may get drunk and fall asleep in the gutter with no other penalty than that of having to up the next morning the policeman who finds him and brings him home. But for this purpose he must choose the gutters of side streets.

The German student, conscious of the rapid approach of oblivion, uses all his remaining energy to get around the corner, where he may collapse without anxiety. In certain districts he may ring bells. The rent of flats in these localities is lower than in other quarters of the town, while the difficulty is further met by each family preparing for itself a secret code of bell ringing by means of which it is known whether the summons is genuine or not. When visiting such a household late at night it is well to be acquainted with this code, or you may, if persistent, get a bucket of water thrown over you.

Also, the German student is allowed to put out lights at night, but there is a prejudice against his putting out too many. The lucky German student generally keeps count, contenting himself with half a dozen lights per night. Likewise, he may shout and sing as he walks home up till half past [illegible]. At certain restaurants it is permitted to him to put his arm around the Fraulein's waist. To prevent any suggestion of unseemliness, the waitresses at restaurants frequented by students are always carefully selected from among a staid and elderly class of women, by reason of which the German student can enjoy the delights of flirtation without fear and without reproach to any one.

They are a law abiding people, the Germans.



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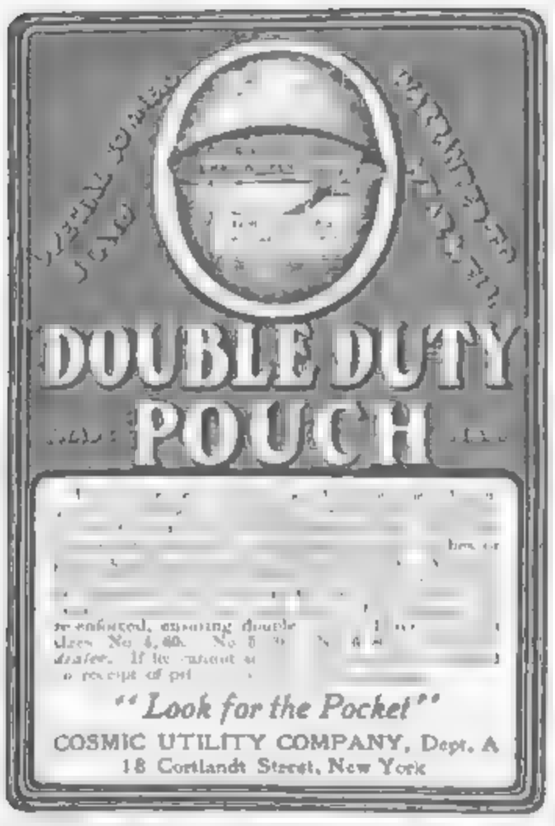

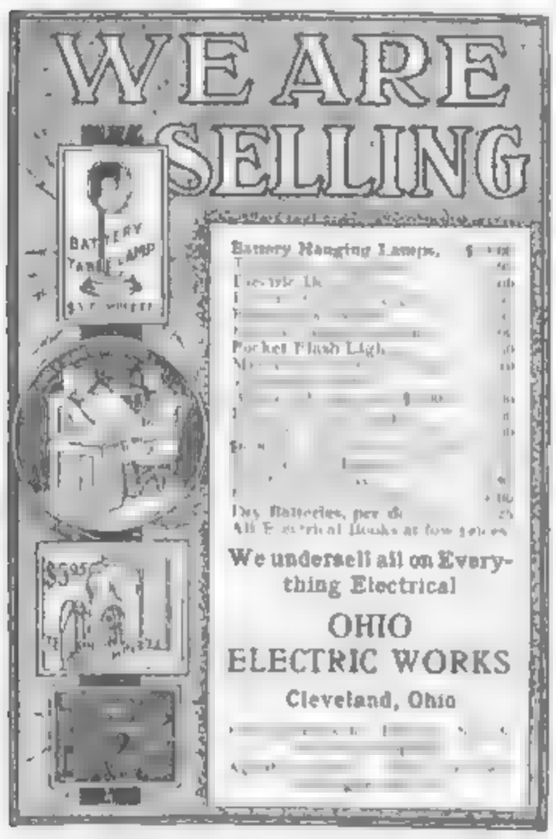

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Famous Feats of Journalism

The "Beat" on *The* Victoria Disaster

By David Graham Phillips

TOWARD four o'clock in the morning of June 23, 1893, the Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James was driving home from a reception at the Turkish Ambassador's. The cabman happened to select out of the several routes through the West End one that included a narrow street where were the offices of a young Portuguese who had come to London, under the patronage of his Minister, to supply news to several journals in Portugal and in the lesser towns of Brazil. The Minister glanced up at his young friend's windows, noted the lights stopped his cab and went up the stairs.

"Just as I left the Turkish Ambassador's," he said to the correspondent, "he got a telegram from his Government saying that the flagship Victoria and the ship of the line Camperdown, of the British Mediterranean Squadron, were in collision yesterday afternoon off the harbor of Tripoli in Syria, and that the Victoria went down with several hundred of her crew. I thought you might be able to use the news. I know the Admiralty has not given it out yet."

The young Portuguese went over his "list" in his mind and decided that he might possibly use the "beat" in his South American papers. All the newspapers in Europe had of course gone to press, and his only hope of catching even the South American journals was for a second edition. He sent his dispatch—a mere bulletin.

Thus it came to pass that on the morning after the greatest naval disaster in time of peace in history there was only one newspaper in all the world that published the fact, and that newspaper was a second rate journal in a third-class South American town. Yet the disaster was at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon and within sight of a telegraph station.

The First News in Tripoli Since the Crusades

The Admiralty did not give out the news until late in the morning, and it was well on toward noon when the newsboys began to shout it through the streets of London, each newsboy the centre of a struggling crowd of customers. There was only the meagerest outline of the facts; nothing as to how or why, some uncertainty as to where, through the failure of several reporters to disentangle Tripoli in Asia from Tripoli in Africa; in fact, no details beyond the statement that more than three hundred lives had been lost.

We of the New York World's London Bureau assumed that the great London journals, certainly the Times, would have a full report for the next morning—early enough for us to send it on to New York, thanks to the five hours' difference of time in our favor. But we also thought that it would be a good idea to have our own special on a news event of such magnitude, of such world interest. So we looked up Tripoli on the maps.

It proved to be a sea town about forty miles north of Beyrout and about seventy miles northwest of Damascus—a city that was born of Tyre and Sidon when they were in their glory, and that had finished its secular activities and entered the state of suspended animation soon after Godfrey de Bouillon became King of Jerusalem. As nearly as we could get at it the only really stirring event that had happened at Tripoli since the Crusaders stormed it, and gave it to Raymond of Toulouse, in the twelfth century was this great catastrophe at the edge of its shallow harbor. There was no British Consul, no American Consul, nobody to whom we could telegraph, offering a liberal *honorarium* for an account of the disaster. We knew that the British journalists must have friends among the several thousand men of those eleven great ships of the Eastern Mediterranean Squadron, to whom they would telegraph and from whom they would [illegible]. But we had no such resources.

Now in America it often happens that a tip comes in over the wire of some unexpected news event at an obscure village where a newspaper is published and no newspaper correspondents live, and to which it is impossible to get a reporter in time. In those circumstances the average American night editor wires the telegraph operator at the point nearest the scene, asking him to send at once as many facts as he can gather and assuring him that he will be paid well for his trouble. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the night editor reaps some return.

Taking Long Odds to Get the News

Why not try this plan on Tripoli? It is a telegraph station on the Turkish Government lines. There must be a telegraph operator, and he must have some intelligence and the passion for easy money.

The London correspondent was at the general offices of the Eastern Telegraph Company in the East End as soon as a cab could get him there, and was immediately in consultation with the General Manager. He listened, he smiled—politely, for he was an extremely courteous man, was the General Manager—but with the tolerant superiority of experience observing the antics of inexperienced folly.

"You would be throwing away your two shillings a word," he said. "The operator is a Turk. He does not know one word of English. You ought to see the mess he has made of every private message that has come through to-day. And, furthermore, he never heard of your paper or of New York, or even of the United States. Why, he would not even know a message had been sent him."

This was certainly common sense and depressing. To persist seemed folly.

The American correspondent hesitated and then said:

"Well, it's a small stake for a big return, a sort of ten thousand to one shot, as we say in what you call 'The States.' I'll risk it. You'll do your best to get my message through in a hurry, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the General Manager, and he seemed to look a little less incredulous. He seemed to be just a bit infected with the gambler's spirit.

The correspondent wrote and scratched out and wrote again, the General Manager assisting with increasing interest. [illegible]

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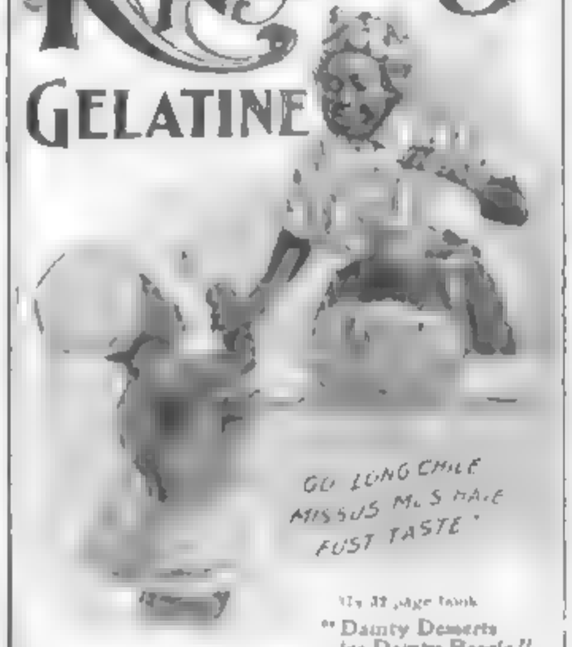

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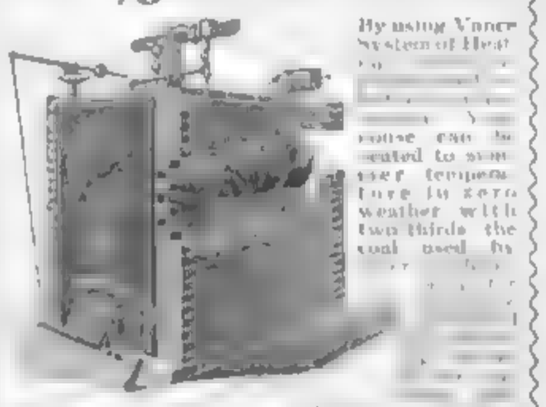

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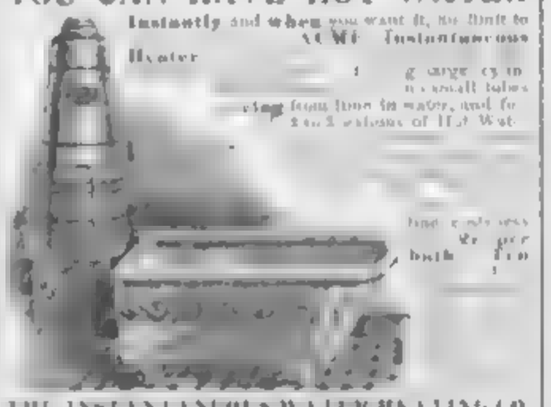

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he was speaking of it as "our telegram" and was not trying to conceal what might almost be called excitement. The telegram was sent, and read something like this

"To the Telegraph Agent

[illegible]

"The New York World will pay you five hundred dollars for a full account of the Victoria disaster—We hope you will send about two thousand words—Please send as soon as possible"

And so it went, under the seas, past the confines of civilization, and, after a wait of many hours, down that remote, inaccessible coast of Asia Minor, so near to Europe geographically, so near to civilization, yet for the purposes of a newspaper more distant than scores of places of the same size in China and Japan

There was nothing to do but wait—and, of course, telephone to the friendly General Manager at intervals That twenty-third of June—a Friday—wore on until midnight, and then the four early hours of the Saturday during which any message that might have come could have been sent to New York for publication in the Saturday morning paper But nothing came from the "unspeakable Turk"

The London Saturday morning papers were about to appear and they would surely have all the details. The General Manager was right. The scheme was preposterous. The correspondent had wasted hope and money on a foolish telegram to "Nobody, Nowhere."

Blocked on the Very Verge of Success

It was a crestfallen group that attacked the pile of freshly printed London morning newspapers at dawn in the correspondent's chambers. Despondency soon changed to wonder, wonder to amazement. Not a single London journal, not even the all seeing Times, had an account of the disaster Beyond a few names of the lost, given out at the Admiralty and long descriptions of the intense anxiety throughout the Empire, there was nothing

A few hours later the correspondent was again in the offices of the General Manager That official looked keenly disappointed and at the same time a little ashamed of himself

"Nothing," he said gloomily shaking his head "I——" he certainly meant to say "told you so," but he stopped and finished with "fear we shall get nothing"

The correspondent drove back home and ordered the evening papers sent in as fast as their various editions might appear in the streets. He was just looking through the first installments for the story that was not there when [illegible] but he looked as if he had run every step of the way

"Here it is—an answer!" he said excitedly, and the correspondent was devouring a few words on a big, square, thin sheet of the Eastern Telegraph Company's paper. It read about like this.

"Prepay telegraph [illegible] or telegraph the money to pay—Will send account [illegible]

"Let's get the money off at once," said the correspondent, seizing his hat

"You can't," groaned the General Manager "If you could, I think I'd have sent it myself. But we can only send to the end of our lines and the Turkish Government will not take it on. There's no way in the world of getting a cent of money to Tripoli from here except by mail"

An Anxious Second Day of Waiting

Here was a story that the whole world was waiting for and that every great newspaper in England and on the Continent had been moving heaven and earth to get. And it was just within the grasp of the American paper—when the unbusinesslike methods of a barbaric government intervened and refused to move

What can be done?" asked the correspondent

"Nothing," exclaimed the General Manager, looking as if he were planning personally to wipe out the stain of "the Great Assassin" from the map of Europe

"We'll send another telegram,' said the correspondent. "We'll throw ourselves upon the mercy of friend Pierre."

And so this following was sent

"Pierre, the Telegraph Station,

"Tripoli, Syria.

"Impossible telegraph money from here—You will put us under greatest obligations if you get money there—Telegraph us amount paid out—We will mail draft at once—Many thanks for courtesy—Your dispatch sent at once will probably be first account Victoria disaster published anywhere."

"That man is no Turk," said the correspondent. "He seems to understand American newspaper methods for all his French name"

Another day of waiting. It was now late in the afternoon of Saturday. No news in the afternoon papers. No news from Pierre all that night. No news in the Sunday morning papers. No news from Pierre Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon, Sunday evening, Sunday midnight, the early hours of Monday morning. Again the anxious scanning of the London Monday morning newspapers and again relief and amazement because there was no news of the disaster, only more and angrier remonstrance that the public had been kept in suspense for four days when the officers of the fleet had access to a wire and must, as a matter of course, have received messages from and sent messages to the Admiralty office in London.

At eleven o'clock on that Monday morning the correspondent was at breakfast over a particularly trying cup of the proverbially vile English coffee. In rushed a messenger from the Eastern Telegraph Company. It was the first sheets of the long-expected special"—a half dozen sentences describing the appearance of the British fleet as it began to manœuvre just off the harbor. The [illegible] correspondent at Tripoli was "beginning at the beginning"—an unfailing sign of a good story.

Within ten minutes came another messenger, and so on at intervals of about ten minutes, until the correspondent had before him a pile of loosely written sheets containing a complete, logical and admirably clear account of what had happened. His story went on to tell

The Admirable Story from "the Unknown"

How Vice Admiral Sir George Tryon, commanding the eleven warships that were advancing in double file, had given, from the flagship Victoria, the signal to turn inward so as to make a sort of "right about face" movement; how Admiral Markham had signaled from the Camperdown that the movement was impossible in such close quarters; how Admiral Tryon had merely repeated his order; how the Victoria and Camperdown, leading the two files, had turned each toward the other

The bow of the Camperdown crashed into the side of the Victoria and the Camperdown drew back. The Victoria, with a great hole in her side, staggered, then started ahead at full speed through the smooth waters for the shore Admiral Tryon signaled that he needed no assistance. Presently the Victoria, having got quite a distance inshore from the rest of the fleet, plunged forward and went down bow first like a "sounding whale. There was a vortex at the bottom of which whirled the great blades of the screws. Into this maelstrom, down upon those frightful, swift-revolving knives, were drawn several hundred British sailors, marines and officers. They were torn into pieces, the sea was reddened all around and strewn with arms, legs, heads, trunks. Then the engines, far down beneath the surface, burst, and scores of those still alive were scalded to death—and the sea smoothed out and began to laugh in the superb tropical sunlight of that summer afternoon

A few survivors were picked up. Twenty two officers and three hundred and thirty six men had perished

It was a wonderful story of an insane commander, of valor and coolness and discipline triumphant, of tragic death. And "the unknown" at the Tripoli telegraph station had told it well

The special was written in admirable English sentences so far as form went, but the spelling, the distortions of words and phrases, the breakdown of sense here and there showed that an operator who knew nothing of English had sent it. We translated it into connected English and cabled it on to New York, sending with it a technical explanation of the manœuvring by William Laird Clowes, the famous English naval expert.

It reached New York at half past seven o'clock (New York time) in the evening of Monday, June 26. Soon came a cablegram from the Managing Editor:

"Right this evening your special on streets in extra—Great beat—Congratulations—Who's Pierre?"

It was not telegraphed back to London by the New York correspondents of the English journals in time for their Tuesday morning editions. So, while England and Europe

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The Kidnaping OF President Lincoln

BY

Joel Chandler Harris

Next week's SATURDAY EVENING POST will contain the opening chapters of a three-part serial by Joel Chandler Harris.

The bold attempt made by two daring Southerners to take Mr. Lincoln prisoner and convey him secretly to Richmond is, at once, one of the most interesting and one of the least known episodes of the Civil War.

Mr. Harris has told the story with rare charm and skill, and it is not too much to say that he has made the best pen picture of President Lincoln's domestic life at the White House and his relations with Secretary Stanton that has yet been given.

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There is nothing competitive in the plan—a complete commercial course, or, for that matter, a musical education or a university course in any one of eight hundred colleges and schools throughout the United States, may be secured in return for pleasant work easily performed.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia

were still waiting, the United States knew the whole terrible story of Admiral Tryon's insane order and its appalling consequences.

The American paper published the story on the morning of June 27 in its regular editions. Then it was cabled back to London and on the morning of June 28—six days after that great disaster—the London Times and the London Telegraph printed the first story of the Victoria disaster with full credit to the American newspaper.

The Identity of the Unknown Correspondent

The London afternoon dailies promptly tried to discredit the "American special." It was clearly impossible, they pointed out, that an American newspaper should get a detailed account of the disaster. Was it not a disaster to a British ship? Did it not occur three thousand miles nearer England than America? Therefore could anything be clearer than that the alleged special was a "fake"? A visit to each of these logical editors and an exhibition of the telegram from Tripoli before his amazed and envious eyes produced courteous retractions in later editions, and caused the Times and the Telegraph to assert the authenticity of the news the next morning

It was not until the morning of July 1 that any English newspaper had a "special" of its own, giving an account of the disaster That first English "special" came from Malta the day the Eastern Mediterranean Squadron arrived there. It simply repeated the story with less detail So the "special" sent by the correspondent at Tripoli remains to this day the most complete and accurate

newspaper account of the Victoria disaster ever published

Who was "Pierre"?

That is the most curious part of the story Let him tell it in his own words in the following letter received by the correspondent about a week after the "beat"

TRIPOLI, SYRIA, June 26

"*Dear Sir*—Tripoli is an obscure town with not the least enterprise. I am the only American here now and the only foreigner who speaks English. I know of only five natives who speak English, and that with [illegible]

I happened to be in the telegraph office when your telegram came. The agent a Turk, whose name is in French Pierre and who can't speak a word of English—only French and Arabic—instead of throwing it away, gave it to me to translate for him When I did so he said

"'I don't know about this newspaper. Do [illegible]

I told him I had good reason to know it, for I had been a subscriber for the past four years 'and you are sure of your [illegible] But he would not do anything about it. I saw that if you got anything I must do it

"The operators never work after sunset, and only by the Governor's orders do they [illegible] during the stay of the English fleet When I showed the article they said

'To-morrow will do.'

"I replied: 'Must, at once.'

"But we must go to the city'—two miles away inland from the port. So it was after ten at night before I could get a second operator—a new hand, in fact, a learner—to go with me. Then we had to wait thirty-five minutes for a tram car, then another thirty-five minutes to get to the office, then half an hour for the operator to smoke a cigar and get [illegible]

I [illegible] could even [illegible] the boy who sent my story did not know I [illegible] If the copy was mixed or anything was wrong you must blame the operator. I tried my very best to get it off in time and in right order

"I had to borrow the cash necessary to pay for so big a telegram from an old merchant I know in the town. And mighty hard work I had getting it, when he found out what I wanted it for. He thought the hot sun had turned my brain.

"This is the first time I ever tried my hand at reporting and may the good Lord deliver me from any such work again—especially in Turkey. I am the American doctor here and have a large practice

"Several requests came for items from the London papers, but I bought them off. So I had the only full account that left the telegraph office. The official report of the Admiralty was sent by mail Saturday night

"I got the story of the accident from a midshipman who was on the bridge with the Rear Admiral (Markham, of the Camperdown) at the time the fatal order to turn was given This was only an hour after the accident All he told me has been confirmed by many eyewitnesses. I myself was standing watching the [illegible] maneuvres and saw the Victoria [illegible]

(SGD) HARRIS M. D."

A Sequence of Coincidence to Stagger Belief

Here is a series of coincidences that staggers imagination. A telegram is sent anonymously into Asia Minor. It reaches a Turk who does not understand its language, and would not understand its purport even if he could translate it. A man who knows English just happens to drop into the telegraph office

The man happens to be not only English speaking but an American. He reads the telegram. He happens to be a subscriber to the very American newspaper that sent it He is interested, and his American "stick-to-itiveness" is aroused by sundry exasperating and fatiguing and disheartening obstacles He gets together the very considerable cash needed—borrows it, if you please—and all in order that his newspaper published in his native land may "beat the world" on a great news event

The credit for the beat in this instance belongs to that enthusiastic and enterprising doctor, Ira Harris. Any credit there may be in giving him the opportunity to distinguish himself lies in the extraordinary, foolhardy, preposterous even, application of a very commonplace American device for getting news from inaccessible American villages

It is not surprising that the General Manager of the Eastern Telegraph Company should have been amused at the "crazy American." Only sheer luck can account for the incredible series of coincidences by which success attended the attempt to apply such a simple plan to such a great matter and in such impossible circumstances. What could be more hopeless than for an American in London to ask by cable across Europe and into Asia a troublesome and expensive favor of a Turk dozing in sloth and ignorance in a land where all the Occident is regarded as a kennel of indistinguishable "infidel dogs"?

Editor's Note—This paper is one of a series begun in The Saturday Evening Post of February 10. Other papers will follow in early numbers

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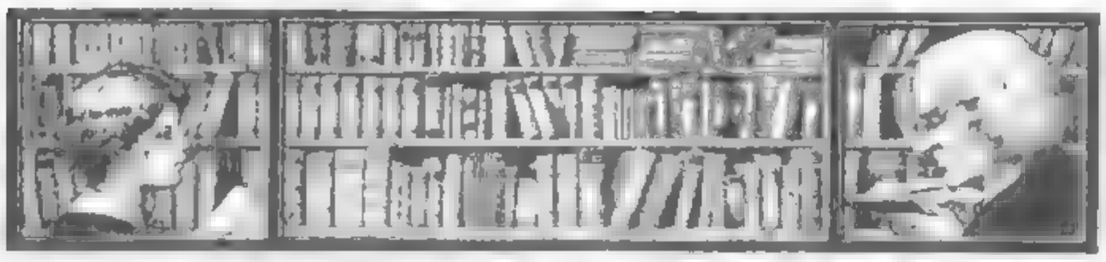
Literary Folk as they Come and Go



Miss Harraden's Literary Training

While recently visiting a Chicago friend Miss Beatrice Harraden, the brilliant English novelist, gave this account of her first experience as an author

"From the start my aim was high When only seventeen I made my first serious literary attempt. It was a short story called The Voice of the Violin, and I summoned the bravery to send it to Blackwood's Magazine wherein George Eliot and many other great British authors had made their fame. Oh, how eagerly did I watch the post for something from the celebrated editorial office which should make known the fate of my first effort! Finally the token came. The bulky packet told me the whole story of rejection and disappointment. With the impetuousness of an irritated schoolgirl, I threw the packet unopened into my trunk and turned my thoughts in other directions. Weeks later, in obedience to another impulse of the moment, I went to my chamber, took the envelope from the trunk and tore it open There was the ill fated story, to be sure but with something which was destined to exert a strong influence upon the best of my It was a long and kind autograph letter from William Blackwood himself, in which he said that, though the first little story could not be given place in the pages of the magazine, he saw in it the promise of things to come so excellent that he felt convinced that experience would make me a real Blackwood's writer. This compliment was not lost on me, for I was familiar with the rich literary traditions of the Blackwood's house. The letter also invited me to continue sending stories until acceptance should finally be the reward of perseverance, and assured me that Mr. Blackwood would give me the benefit of personal criticism

"That first story was sent to Belgravia and ; but my ambition was to get something into Blackwood's. Time after time I sent to the famous Edinburgh house the best work of which I was capable—only to receive it back again with a generously unstinking letter pointing out its defects and giving definite advice for future efforts

"One day I posted an unpretending sketch called The Umbrella Mender, thinking it would return to me in due season as my other efforts had done Instead I received a characteristic note from Mr. Blackwood telling me, in happy terms, that I had fairly won a place in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine After that I had fair sailing until I offered Ships That Pass in the Night. Mr Blackwood at last gave it as his opinion that the book would not sell This forced me to look elsewhere for a publisher who would take it. The sale was very large. Not in the least, however, did this experience shake my sense of loyalty to Mr. Blackwood, and I gave him my next story as readily as if there had been no such episode."

Beatrice Harraden confesses herself a "fiery British patriot," and just before sailing for England, a few weeks since, she declared: "I'm eager to get back so that I can go down to the docks and welcome the victorious soldier boys as they come home from fighting the Boers. Why, I haven't had so much as a chance for one good, rousing patriotic cheer. But I'll make up for lost time when I get back to the dear old town where the air is full of just that sort of thing."

Miss Harraden has probably the shortest working day of any writer who labors systematically. She permits herself to work but ninety minutes a day In this brief time, however, she accomplishes a marvelous amount of work. When asked if she did not do any mental work outside of her appointed hour and a half of labor she answered "Unconsciously, perhaps, but not to focus anything. During all the remainder of the time I try to be diligently idle so far as literary thought is concerned." Of her own novels, Miss Harraden is said to regard The Fowler as a much stronger piece of work than Ships That Pass in the Night

Clement Shorter's Misadventure

Mr Clement Shorter is in many ways the best known editor in England. Not only is he known by every literary person in the kingdom but the public knows his name and it was no small part of the advertisement of the new weekly illustrated paper the Sphere, that he was to be its editor. Mr Shorter used to edit the Illustrated London News, the Sketch and a few other papers for Sir William Ingram. And when Mr. Shorter left and announced a paper of his own, Sir William, in his excitement and anger announced a rival to be called the Spear and brought it out three days before the Sphere

Mr Shorter has had all kinds of experience with contributors. Once he asked a well known "younger poet" for some verses, and when they had been printed sent the author a check for five guineas, which, as rates go for the payment for "younger" poetry, was liberal. But the next day the poet called and, when he was admitted to the editor's room, announced that fifty pounds was the least he could possibly accept, and that that would be niggardly payment. Mr Shorter gasping with astonishment, started to protest, when the excited poet produced a revolver and, flourishing it at his editor, ordered the latter to write out a check at once

There are several versions of the ending of this episode, the most popular being that the check was signed. At any rate it was never cashed, for next day the poet was in bed with a dangerous fever. When he recovered he had no memory of his buccaneering expedition and thought five guineas ample pay

Will N. Harben—Mind-Reader

Will N Harben is rather serious in disposition, but he cannot resist the temptation to play an occasional practical joke. A few years ago he and a literary friend had taken chambers in London near the British Museum One day this friend came home with a tired look on his face and said that he had been frightfully bored for half a day by a stranger from Chicago, who insisted upon telling him all about his success in inventing and selling in America and England a certain wall paper hanger. The stranger was described as freckled-faced and short, and possessing a squeaking voice

A few days after this, while looking at the pictures in the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Harben was accosted by a man who so thoroughly fitted the description of the loquacious bore that he knew at once that he had met the same man

Mr. Harben determined that he would not submit to the man's familiarity, and when asked if he were an American, he answered frigidly that he was

"What are you doin' over here?"

"What am I doing?" asked Harben, trying to summon up some cutting reply "Really, my business is such a peculiar one that I never speak of it to any one.'

"Oh, come off," laughed the Chicagoan; "what is it?'

Harben stared at the red face for a moment and then said, "I'm a mind reader"

The stranger laughed boisterously I don't believe in such rot

'Oh, you don't?'" remarked Harben "Well I could convince you in a minute if I wished to. I could tell where you are from, what your business was in America, and what you are doing over here

The stranger laughed again "I'd like to see you do it," he said

"Well," continued the author, "you are from Chicago; you invented a wall-paper hanger and made a lot of money out of it in America; you are introducing your invention here and have started out well, but my impression is that you will lose all your fortune here in England"

The stranger paled and his eyes were starting from his head. "How did you know that?"

"I'm a mind reader," said the joker

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[In the Louisville Courier Journal.]

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[In the Philadelphia Times.]

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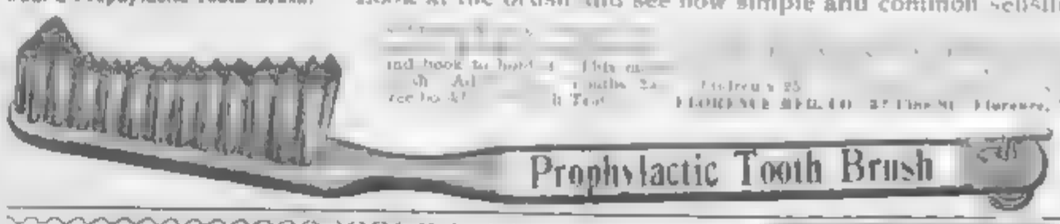

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WHAT to READ

A Yale Story*

Stories of American college life have multiplied during the decade passed. Yale, Harvard, Princeton and several of the women's colleges have been described with more or less skill and fidelity. The latest contribution to this sort of fiction—and how fascinating it can be let memories of Tom Brown rise up to testify—is a novel called Boys and Men, by Richard Holbrook, a Yalesian of the class of '93, we believe, and now an instructor in the Romance department of the famous old New Haven institution.

Mr. Holbrook has written a decidedly interesting book. It is made up of a series of sketches and can hardly be styled an organic piece of fiction; he takes a typical group of fellows on their entrance into college life and carries them through to graduation. He shows them first as care-free boys, then as men whom four years of experience in this miniature world have broadened and deepened. The primary aim being to display Yale—to give a lively picture of the place and its inhabitants—the lack of close-knit narrative is hardly to be imputed as a fault; even an occasional repetition can be pardoned. The important questions are: is the author true to the facts, and is his account an entertaining one? I think the answer to both queries is, yes.

Mr. Holbrook knows his Yale and shows it to the reader in many graphic scenes. We are permitted to be present at a hazing party and at an examination where an attempt at cheating is made; we witness a big football game, and hear the men of the team or crew talk at the training-table; we sit on the sacred fence beneath the elms and watch the "tapping" of the fortunate elect of the senior societies; we look on at the dancing at the Junior Promenade, or behold from an observation car at New London the old-time rivals strain at the oars. Meanwhile we get a sense of the Yale spirit—a splendid *esprit de corps*, a democratic belief in personal worth and achievement.

Mr. Holbrook, too, has happily caught the student dialect; his dialogue is capital. The boys talk in a crisp, racy, highly colored manner that is at once natural and enjoyable. His student types are also sufficiently amusing. The friendship that develops between the sturdy Arizonian, Tarbell, and Jack Eldredge, son of the millionaire railroad man, is effective and becomes the strongest motive of the story; both are popular athletes and both fall in love with the same girl. The author has not seen fit to dispense with the most appealing of all fictional situations. The trouble that arises from this complication is well managed and lends an agreeable touch of romance to the closing chapters. The only criticism to be passed on it is that this introduction of the eternal feminine carries the tale somewhat outside of college limits; but few, I fancy, will fault it for that reason. Yale graduate and undergraduate will appreciate a volume whose admirers, however, need by no means be confined to the Sons of Eli. —*Richard Burton.*

With Sword and Crucifix†

From the title and earlier chapters of Mr. Van Zile's romance one hopes to find a narrative of that picturesque New-World crusade, whose quest was a mighty river, for the honor of France and Mother Church. But the author uses this historic pilgrimage merely as a background; and instead of the knightly figure of the Sieur de la Salle, he chooses a French outlaw for his hero, Count de Sancerre, exiled from the Court of Louis le Grand for having killed his rival in a duel, "*l'éternelle femme*" in this case being a Spanish beauty. Banished from Versailles, De Sancerre joins La Salle, and, after sharing many adventures with his intrepid band, is finally left as hostage with a tribe of fire-worshipers, while the great captain goes on to teach the mouth of the Mississippi to speak the name of France—and in so going passes out of the story. De Sancerre is compensated for his enforced sojourn in the City of the Sun when he discovers his lost love imprisoned there in an adobe temple, worshiped as the Spirit Coyocop.

This amazing situation is the last in a series of startling incidents due to her father's determination to carry salvation—in exchange for gold—to the heathen of New Spain. The old Don's vessel is wrecked almost within sight of his long-sought El Dorado, every soul on board perishing save the fair heroine and the villain—whose name, very appropriately, is Don Juan. She is captured by the natives who believe her to be a messenger from their deity, the Sun God, and the villain—but that is another story. The gallant Count naturally objects to his own particular goddess receiving the adoration of any one except himself, and especially of a horde of fanatical savages; yet he learns by sad experience that the divinity which doth hedge an idol may prove an impregnable barrier to a supposed unbeliever. Happily there is one genuine sceptic in the ranks of worshipers, the old crone Noco, who, unawed by the wrath of the Sun God, releases his cherished messenger and speeds her and her lover on their way to the sea and safety.

The author of this melodramatic but harmless tale, and others of his cult who are responsible for that ubiquitous figure in modern fiction, the exiled courtier, should pause to meditate on the ethics of clothes before they plunge their hero into the trackless wastes of a virgin forest clad in silks and laces. It would be no more incongruous were Frederic Remington to portray a leader of Manhattan cotillons, attired in evening clothes and top hat, in the act of mounting an Arizona bucking bronco.

—*Evelyn Jeannette Curriden.*

Glimpses of New Books

Readers who followed Mr. and Mrs. March in Their Wedding Journey will be glad to know that Mr. Howell's account of Their Silver Wedding Journey has been put out in a popular edition. *Harper & Brothers.*

Katherine de Forrest attempts to do for the stranger in Paris what the coach does for the student who, with the consciousness of a long list of lectures unattended and books not read, faces the coming examinations—to crowd into his head a spiral of knowledge which, upon the proper occasion, shall expand outward to its complete length. No one, of course, can tell whether Paris As It Is is "sure enough the real thing," as the late Mr. William Baxter would have elegantly phrased it, until he tries it for himself, but he is likely to have a much better time trying with such an intimate companion than with the eminently respectable Baedeker. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

Scott thought that the richest fields in history, and the most picturesque, were those that lay between the borders of civilization and barbarism. Mr. Stanley Weyman in Under the Red Robe scored a notable success in just such territory, and now he offers Sophia, a romance of the England of Queen Anne. If the times of Queen Anne seem passive compared to those of Henry the Fourth, the love affairs of the heroine offer an agreeable contrast. Sophia, from a harassing net of intrigue, shakes herself free to stand by the side of the man she loves, a ready and a noble nature. *Longmans, Green & Co.*

* Boys and Men. A Story of Life at Yale. By Richard Holbrook. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

† With Sword and Crucifix. By Edward S. Van Zile. *Harper & Brothers.*

The Range of a Range

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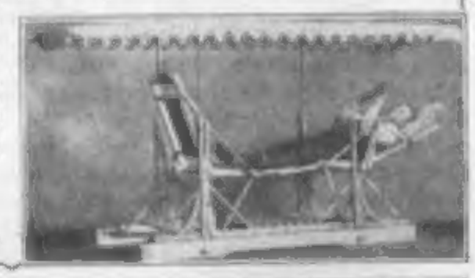

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"Advantages of a College Education"

(Continued from Page 1101)

wasn't sure; in fact, he betted that he was mistaken and made the stakes higher as each flight was ascended. When Harrison burst in he raised his head and cried, "Why, hello, Skin!" He was always polite to callers.

"What's the matter with you?" said Skinny, opening the blinds and the window and letting in some good, fresh, campus air. He came back to the bed again. "Was *that* it?"

Then he lifted Elliot's head and pulled out the pillows, putting them back as gently as he could. "Perhaps you want your head higher." He did not wait for an answer, but picked up a pair of muddy shoes and a coat and placed them carefully under the pillow, saying, "How does that grab you?" Harrison had a deep, hearty voice, and he filled the room with it. His cheeks were fresh and rosy, and he stepped across the floor as though it were fun to walk and be alive.

He brought a basin of water to the trunk. "Your mug's dirty," he explained, and rolled up the sleeves of Elliot's pajamas. "Don't look frightened, Bob; it isn't cold enough to hurt. This is the way my pretty nurse did me when I was in the Presbyterian Hospital." He began sponging Elliot's hot brow and burning eyelids and feverish neck with luxuriously cold water. "Lord, but your hands feel dry! You look as though you'd been pulled through a knothole. Honestly, Bob, you're horribly done-up looking." Young men are so devoid of tact.

Harrison's skinniness consisted of 206 pounds in his gymnasium suit, some of which was fat. His hands were large and firm and strong, and his touch was as tender and supple as a barber's.

Elliot's eyes were half closed, and he did everything that Harrison told him to do. He soaked his hands in the basin and paddled like a baby while Harrison brushed his hair with the part on the wrong side. "Now you look more nearly decent," he said, adding, "and you've been up here all this time alone, Sour Ball? I know you weren't lonely, though I should have been, but it wasn't right not to let some of us know. Stop fussing with those covers. I'll put the window up before I go. Fresh air'll do you good."

The Great Tub of Self-Indulgence then went into the other room, brought back a novel and an armchair and, putting his feet upon the foot of the bed, began to read aloud, while David Haskell stood over at the corner of Reunion, swearing at all engagement breakers.

"Much obliged to you, Skinny," said Elliot; "but you'd better not stay here."

"Shut up and go to sleep; sick people always sleep, don't you know that?"

"But there's no sense in your loafing indoors on a day like this."

"Do I bother you?" Skinny went on reading and the sick man closed his eyes.

At dinner-time Harrison stopped reading and tiptoed out, and went whistling down to the club, where he told the rest what the Sour Ball had been up to.

After dinner those who had no pressing engagements tramped up to the top floor of Witherspoon. Elliot heard their voices as soon as the entry door slammed downstairs, and arose up in bed to listen and make sure, but he pretended to be asleep when they all came bounding in, the noisy, healthy, pipe-smoking crowd, which he hated. "Well, Sour Ball! Hello, Bob! How are you by this time? What can I do for you?" they said.

The first to enter the room impolitely took the one available chair. Downing, the man who used platitudes so exasperatingly to Elliot, sat down on the bed, upon Elliot's foot, who said nothing. The Glee Club man and the Princetonian editor, both thoroughly despicable, planted themselves in the window-seats, putting their muddy feet on the cushions. Some of the rest of the odious gang perched on trunks, brushing Elliot's things off upon the floor. Others leaned against the wall and furniture. They made seven in all. Elliot counted them. He looked at each in turn covertly. He followed them when they moved about the room. Rankin came in later. He was a noisy man, and he dragged his feet along the hallway and kicked open the door, singing out in a cheerful tone, "How's the corpse? How's the corpse?" and was silenced for it by the gang. "What do you think this man's made of?" said Harrison. "You ass!"

Rankin begged Elliot's pardon. Elliot said it didn't matter. "You look like the mischief, Bob," said Rankin, standing before the bed, hands in pockets.

Skinny Harrison still assumed control of the invalid because he had discovered him, and because he was going to be a doctor like his father in a few years. He looked very thoughtful and responsible, and opened the window when the smoke became so dense he couldn't see across the room.

"You think," said one of those by the window, closing it, "that because you're going to study medicine you know all about this, don't you?"

Harrison said that sick people always liked lots of air. This started a discussion about fresh air and illness in which every one joined except Elliot, who was not consulted. After this they fell to talking about the ordinary topics of the college world, which continued until twelve o'clock, when Harrison suddenly remembered his future profession, and sent them all home.

Then, after fixing Elliot for the night, he said, "Yell if you want anything," and stretched out upon the divan in the study. Elliot didn't yell or say anything.

The next day some of them dropped in before breakfast, and they took turns staying with him all day. Sometimes they read to him, sometimes they talked, at times they cleaned pipes, at times they did nothing. Elliot was doing a lot of thinking.

Mason, sarcastic little Mason, whom Elliot especially despised, arranged to spend the next night with him, perhaps because they were distant cousins.

"Now, go to your own room," said Elliot, after Mason had fixed things, "and go to bed."

"Shut up and go to thunder," said Mason, going into the study and turning up the light.

At three o'clock the light was still burning. Elliot thought he heard the snip of a page being turned over, but he was not certain, so he moved around in bed until he made the springs sound. Something darkened the doorway. He shut his eyes again. The shadow receded. He heard a yawn and the sound of a man's arms dropped to his side.

At a little before daylight Mason heard Elliot say in the clear tone of one who has been awake: "Would you mind bringing me my bulldog brier? You'll find it on the mantelpiece."

Mason brought it in, saying: "This is a good sign, but it strikes me as an odd time to smoke."

"Will you fill it, please?"

"There you are," said Mason, reaching for a match.

Elliot looked up at the bright eyes and the curling mouth while Mason held the match, then looked away again. He started to say something, then picked up a book near by and with the back of it leveled the ashes in his pipe. "Mase," he said, "you fellows are—puff-puff—awful good—puff-puff—it's out; give me another match, please. Thank you. What was I saying?—oh, yes, I was going to say—oh, yes, I just wanted to tell you that I am entirely cured now."

"Huh," said Mason; "didn't think it was anything serious."

"You don't know," said Elliot, taking out his pipe and looking at it. "You don't know what I'm talking about, Mase."

"Better go to sleep," said Mason, starting back toward the study; "glad you're all right, anyway."

"I'm talking about the advantages of a college education. I have discovered——"

But Mason shut the door, and Elliot fell sound asleep. Fellows like Elliot go through life making discoveries.

The Wren's Breach of Custom

MR. LE GALLIENNE writes of Nature as a lover, but his poetic fancy does not disguise from us that he was bred in cities. In his chapter on what Nature brings to beautify the graves of the little dead he writes:

"The wren will sometimes bring her sky-blue eggs for a gift . . ."

Perhaps a wren may be permitted to do this sort of thing in a "tragic fairy tale"; in every-day life she would have to purchase them from a commercially minded hedge-sparrow, for her own eggs are a pearly white, with reddish brown spots.

In any memorial concerning Mr. Dick it is impossible to keep out some mention of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's hair. Two literary friends of his were recently speaking of the disproportionate amount of adverse criticism he occasionally received. One said: "His work is often excellent; he is 'slated' because of the length of his hair. And yet that helped him at first."

"Ah," said the other, "it began as a boom and ended as a boomerang."

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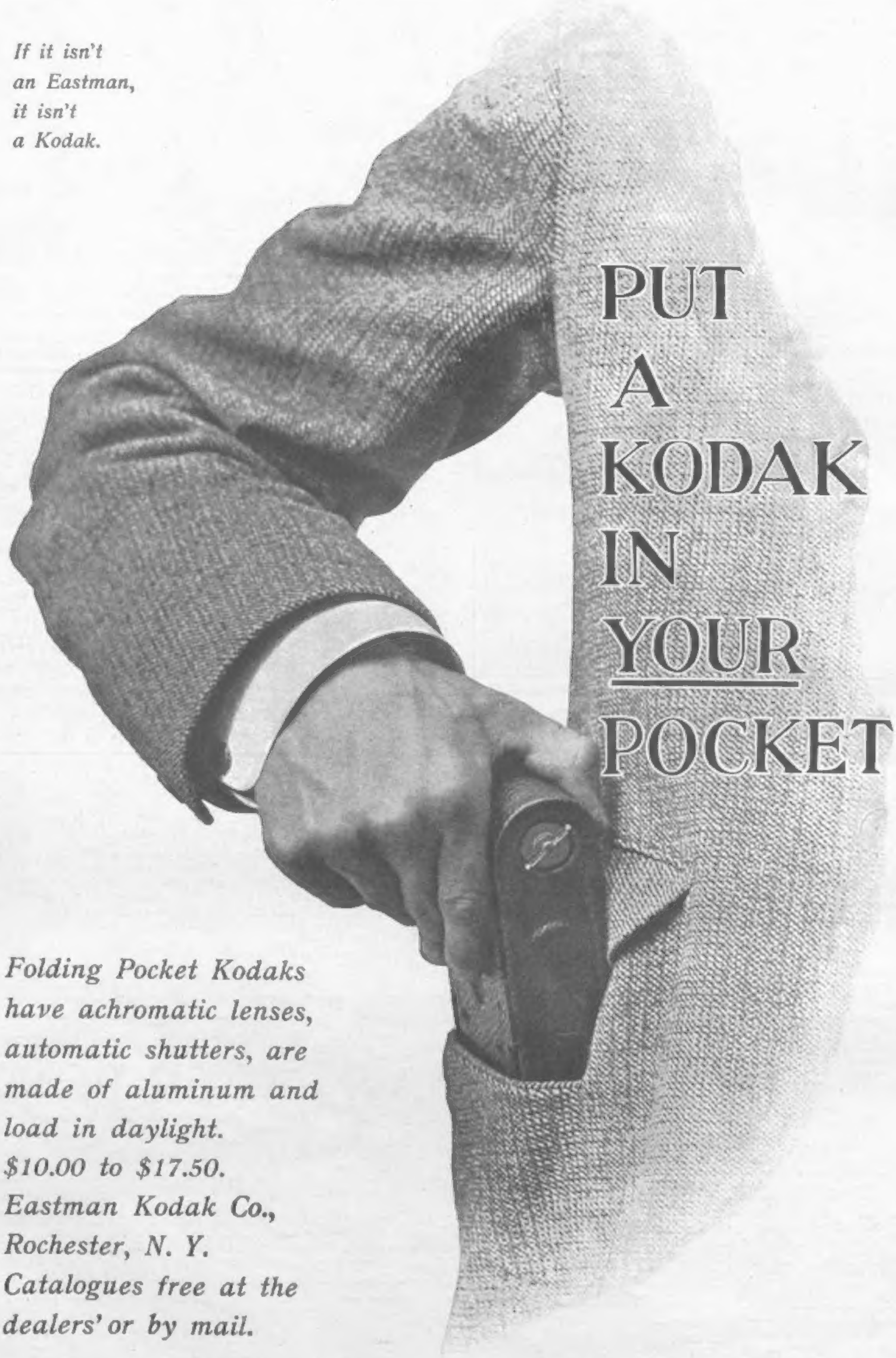

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